The Pleaſant

HISTORY

OF

Doraſtus and Favvnia.

Pleaſant for Age to ſhun drowſie Thoughts.

Profitable for Youth to avoid other Wanton Paſtimes, and bringing to both a deſired Content.

By *ROBERT GREEN*, Maſter of Arts in *Cambridge*.

LONDON, Printed for *John Wright*, and are to be Sold by *John Clarke* at the *Bible* and *Harp* in *Weſt-Smithfield* 1677.

Doraſtus *in Love-Paſſion, Writes theſe few Lines in praiſe of his Loving and beſt-beloved* Fawnia.

AH! were ſhe pitiful as ſhe is fair,
or but as mild as ſhe is ſeeming ſo:
Then were my hopes greater then my deſpair;
then all the World were Heaven, nothing Woe.
Ah! were her Heart relenting as her Hand,
that ſeems to melt even with the mildeſt touch,
Then knew I where to ſeat me in a Land
under the wide Heavens, but yet not ſuch:
So as ſhe ſhews ſo ſeems the budding Roſe,
yet ſweeter far than is an Earthly Flower;
Soveraign of Beauty! like the Spray ſhe grows,
compaſs'd ſhe is with Thorns, and cankered Flower;
Yet were ſhe willing to be pluck'd and worn,
She Would be gathered though ſhe grew on Thorn.

Ah! when ſhe ſings, all Muſick elſe be ſtill,
for none muſt be compared to her Note;
Ne're breath'd ſuch Glee from *Philomela*'s Bill,
nor from the Morning-ſingers ſwelling Throat:
Ah! when ſhe riſeth from her bliſful Bed,
ſhe comforts all the World, as doth the Sun;
And at her ſight the Nights foul Vapours fled:
when ſhe is Set, the gladſome day is done:
O Glorious Sun! imagine me the Weſt;
Shine in my Arms, and Set thou in my Breaſt.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

Pleaſant Hiſtory

OF

Doraſtus and Fawnia.

AMongſt all the Paſſions wherewith Humane minds are perplexed, there is none that ſo galleth with reſtleſs deſpite, as that infectious loze of Jealouſie: Foz all other griefs are either to be appeaſed with ſenſible perſwaſion, to be Cured with wholeſome Counſel, to be relieved in want, oz by Tract of Time to be worn out; Jealouſie only excepted, which is Dauced with Sulpicious doubts and pinching miſtruſt, that whoſo ſeeks by friendly Counſel to raze out this helliſh paſſion, it foꝛthwith Suſpecteth, that he giveth this Advice to cover his own Guiltineſs. Yea, whoſo is pinched with this reſtleſs Tozment, doubteth all, diſturbeth himſelf, is always frozen with Fear, and fired with Suſpition, having that wherein conſiſteth all his joy, to be the bzeeder of his miſery. Yea, it is ſuch an heavy enemy to the happy eſtate of Matrimony, Sowing betweꝛn the Married couples, ſuch deadly Seeds of ſecret Hatred as Love being once razed out by ſpightful Diſtruſt, there often iſſueth Bloody Revenge, as this enſuing Hiſtoꝛy manifeſtly pꝛoveth: Wherein Pandoſto (furiouſly incenſed by a cauſeleſs Jealouſie) pꝛocured the Death of his moſt Loving and Loyal Wife, and his own endleſs Soꝛrow.

IN the Country of Bohemia, there Raigned a King called Pandoſto, whoſe Foꝛtune, Succeſs in Wars againſt his Foes, and bountiful courteſie towards his Friends in Peace, made him be greatly feared and loved of all men.

This Pandoſto had to Wife a Lady called Bellaria, by Birth Royal, Learned by Education, Fair by Nature, by Vertues

Famous

Famous: So that it was hard to judge, whether her Beauty, Fortune, or Vertue, won the greatest Commendation. These two linked together in perfect Love, led their lives with such Fortunate content, that their Subjects greatly rejoyced to see their quiet disposition. They had not been married long, but fortune (willing to encrease their happiness) sent them a Son, so adorned with the gifts of Nature, as the perfection of the Child greatly augmented the love of the Parents, and the joy of their Commons; insomuch that the Bohemians to shew their inward joyes by outward Actions, made Bonfires and Triumphs, throughout all the Kingdom: appointed Justs and Turnies for the honour of their young Prince: Whether resorted not only his Nobles, but alls divers Kings and Princes which were his Neighbours, willing to shew their friendship they owed to Pandosto, and to win fame and glory by their Prowels and Valour. Pandosto, whose mind was fraught with Princely Liberality, entertained the Kings, Princes, and Noblemen, with such submis courtesie and magnifical bounty, that they all saw how willing he was to gratifie their good wills, making a general feast for all his Subjects, which continued by the space of twenty days, all which time the Justs and Turnies were kept, to the great content both of the Lords and Ladies there present. The Solemn Triumph being once ended, the assembly taking their leave of Pandosto, and Bellaria, the young Son (who was called Garinter) was Nursed up in his house, to the great joy and content of his Parents.

Fortune envious of such happy success, Willing to shew some sign of her Inconstancy, turned her Wheel, and darkned the bright Son of Prosperity, with the misty Clouds of mishap and misery. For it so hapned, that Egistus King of Sicilia, Who in his youth had been brought up with Pandosto, desirous to shew, that neither tract of time, or distance of place, could diminish their former friendship, provided a Navy of ships, and sayled into Bohemia, to visit his old friend and Companion: Who hearing of his arrival went himself in person, and his Wife Bellaria, accompanied with a great Train of Lords and Ladies to meet Egistus; and espying him, alighted from his Horse, embracing him very lovingly protesting that nothing in the World could have hapned more acceptable to him than his coming, wishing his Wife to welcome his old

friend

friend and acquaintance; who (to ſhew how ſhe liked him whom her Husband loved) entertained him with ſuch familiar courteſie, as Egiſtus perceived himſelf to be very welcome.

After they had thus Saluted and Embraced each other, they mounted again on horſeback, and rode toward the City, deviſing and accounting how being Children, they had paſſed their youth in friendly paſtimes; where by the means of the Citizens, Egiſtus was received with Triumphs and Shews, in ſuch ſort, that he marvelled how on ſo ſmall a warning they could make ſuch preparation. Paſſing the ſtreets thus with ſuch rare Sights, they rode on to the Palace: where Pandoſto entertained Egiſtus and his Sicilians, with ſuch Banqueting & Sumptuous Chear, ſo Royally, as they had all cauſe to commend his Princely Liberality: Yea, the very baſeſt ſlave that was known to come from Sicilia, was uſed with much courteſie, that Egiſtus might eaſily perceive how both he, and his were honoured for his friends ſake.

Bellaria (who in her time was the flower of Courteſie) willing to ſhew how unfeignedly ſhe loved her husband by his friends entertainment, uſed him likewiſe ſo familiarly, that her Countenance bewrayed how her heart was affected toward him; oftentimes coming her ſelf into his Bed-Chamber, to ſee if nothing ſhould be amiſs to diſlike him. This honeſt familiarity encreaſed daily more and more betwixt them: for Bellaria noting in Egiſtus a Princely and bountiful mind, adorned with ſundry and excellent qualities, and Egiſtus finding in her a Vertuous and Courteous diſpoſition, there grew ſuch a ſecret uniting of their Affections, that the one could not be without the company of the other: inſomuch, that when Pandoſto was buſied with ſuch urgent affairs, that he could not be preſent with his friend Egiſtus, Bellaria would walk with him into the Garden, and there they two in private pleaſant Devices, would paſs away their time to both their contents. This Cuſtome ſtill continuing betwixt them; a certain Melancholly paſſion entring the Mind of Pandoſto, drove him into ſundry and doubtful thoughts.

Firſt, he called to mind the Beauty of his Wife Bellaria, the comelineſs and bravery of his friend Egiſtus: thinking that love was above all Laws, and therefore to be ſtayed with no Law, that it was hard to put fire and Flax together without burning, that

their

their open pleasure might hyde his Secret Displeasure. He considered with himself that Egistus was a man, and must néeds love: that his Wife was a Woman, and therefore subject to love: and that where fancy forced, friendship was of no force. These and such like doubtful thoughts a long time Smothering in his stomach, began at last to hyde in his mind a secret mistrust which encreased my Suspition, grew at last to a flaming jealousie, that so tormented him, as he could take no rest. He then began to measure all their actions, and misconstrue of their too private familiarity, judging that it was not for honest affection, but for disordinate fancy: so as he began to watch them more narrowly, to see if he could get any true or certain proof to confirm his doubtful Suspition, While thus he noted their looks and gestures, and suspected their thoughts, and meaning, they two silly Souls, who doubted nothing of this his Treacherous intent, frequenting daily each others company: which drove him into such a Frantick passion, that he began to bear a secret hate to Egistus, and a lowring Countenance to Bellaria: who marvelling at such unaccustomed frowns, began to cast beyond the Moon, and to enter into a thousand thoughts, which way she should offend her husband; but finding in her self a clear Conscience, ceased to muse till such time as she might find opportunity to demand the cause of his dumps. In the mean time Pandosto's mind was so surcharged with jealousie, that he no longer doubted, but was assured, as he thought, that his friend Egistus entred a wrong point in his Tables, and so had played him false play. Whereupon desirous to revenge so great an injury, he thought best to dissemble the grudge, with a fair and friendly Countenance; and so under the shape of a friend, to shew him the trick of a Foe; devising with himself a long time, how he might best put away Egistus, without Suspition of Treacherous Murder, concluded at last to poyson him. Which opinion pleasing his humour, he became resolute in his determination, and the better to bring the matter to pass, he called to him his Cup-bearer, with whom in secret he brake the matter: promising him for the performance thereof, to give him a thousand Crowns of yearly Revenue. His Cup-bearer, either being of a good Conscience, or willing for fashion sake to deny such a Bloody Request, began with great Reasons to perswade Pandosto

from

from this determinate Miſchief : ſhewing him what an offence Murther was to the Gods, how much unnatural actions did more diſpleaſe the heavens then men : and that cauſeleſs Cruelty did ſeldom or never ſcape without revenge : he laid before his face, that Egiſtus was his friend, a King, and one that was come into his Kingdom to confirm a League of perpetual Amity betwixt them : that he had, and did ſhew him a moſt Friendly countenance : How Egiſtus was not only honoured of his own people by obedience, but alſo loved of the Bohemians for his courteſie : and that if he ſhould now without any juſt or manifeſt Cauſe, poyſon him, it would not onely be a great diſhonour to his Majeſty, and a means to ſow a perpetual Enmity between the Sicilians and the Bohemians, but alſo his own Subjects would repine at ſuch Treacherous Cruelty. Theſe and ſuch like perſwaſions of Franion, (for ſo was his Cup-bearer called) could no whit prevail to diſſwade him from his Develiſh Enterprize : But remaining reſolute in his Determination, his fury ſo fired with rage, as it could not be appeaſed with reaſon, he began with bitter Taunts to take up his man, and to lay before him two Baits, Preferment and Death ; ſaying, that if he would poyſon Egiſtus, he would advance him to high Dignities : but if he refuſed to do it of an obſtinate mind, no Torture ſhould be too great to requite his Diſobedience. Franion ſeeing that to perſwade Pandoſto any more, was but to ſtrive againſt the ſtream, conſented as ſoon as opportunity would give him leave to diſpatch Egiſtus, wherewith Pandoſto remained ſomewhat ſatisfied, hoping now he ſhould be fully revenged of ſuch miſtruſted Injuries : intending alſo as ſoon as Egiſtus was dead, to give his Wife a Sop of the ſame Sauce, and ſo to be rid of thoſe which were the cauſe of his reſtleſs ſorrow : while thus he lived in this hope, Franion (being ſecret in his Chamber) began to meditate with himſelf in theſe terms.

AH Franion ; Treaſon is loved of many, but the Traytor is hated of all : unjuſt offences may for a time eſcape without danger, but never without revenge. Thou art ſervant to a King, and muſt obey at command, yet againſt all Law and Conſcience ; It is not good to reſiſt a Tyrant with Arms, nor to pleaſe an unjuſt King with obedience. What ſhalt thou do ? Folly refuſeth

P. B. 52. Gold

Gold and Frenzy preferment. Wisdom seeketh after Dignity, and Counsel loseth for gain: Egistus is a stranger to thee, and Pandosto thy Soveraign: Thou hast little cause to respect the one, and oughtest to have great care to obey the other. Think this Franion, That a pound of Gold is worth a tun of Lead. Great Gifts are little Gods, and Preferment to a mean man is a Whetstone to courage. There is nothing sweeter than promotion, nor lighter than report: care not then though most call thee a Traytor, so all call thee rich. Dignity Franion advanceth thy posterity, and evil Report can but hurt thy self. Know this, Where Eagles build, Falcons may pray, where Lyons haunt, Foxes may steal. Kings are known to command, Servants are blameless to consent: fear thou not then to lift at Egistus. Pandosto shall bear the burden; Yea, but Franion, Conscience is a Worm that ever biteth, but never ceaseth; that which is rubbed with the stone Galactites, will never be hot; Flesh dipped in the Sea Ægeum will never be sweet; The Herb Trigon, being once bit with an Aspis, never groweth; the Conscience once stained with innocent Blood is always tyed to guilty remorse. Prefer thy content before Riches, and a clear mind before Dignity; so being poor, thou shalt have rich Peace; or else Rich, thou shalt enjoy disquiet.

FRanion having muttered out these, or such like words, seeing either he must dye with a clear Mind, or live with a Spotted Conscience, was so cumbred with divers Cogitations, that he could take no rest, untill at the last he determined to break the matter to Egistus: but fearing that the King should either suspect or hear of such matters, he concealed the device till opportunity would permit him to reveal it. Lingring thus in a doubtful fear in an Evening he went to Egistus Lodging, and desired to speak with him of certain affairs that touched the King; after all were Commanded out of the Chamber, Franion made manifest the whole Conspiracy which Pandosto had devised against him, desiring Egistus not to account him a Traytor for bewraying his Masters Counsel, but to think that he did it for Conscience; hoping that although his Master inflamed with rage, or increased by some sinister reports, or slanderous Speeches, had imagined such causeless mischief, yet when time should pacifie his Anger, and try.

try thoſe Tale-bearers to be but flattering Paraſites, then he would count him as a faithful ſervant, that with ſure care had kept his Maſters credit. Egiſtus had not fully heard Franion tell forth his Tale, but quaking fear poſſeſſed all his Limbs, thinking that there was ſome Treaſon wrought, and that Franion did but ſhadow his Craft, with theſe falſe Colours; wherefore he began to wax in cholar, and ſaid that he doubted not Pandoſto, ſith he was his friend, and there had never been as yet any breach of Amity, he had not ſought to invade his Lands, to Conſpire with his Enemies, to diſſwade his Subjects from their Allegiance, but in word and thought he reſted his at all times; he knew not therefore any Cauſe that ſhould make Pandoſto to ſeek his death, but ſuſpected it to be a compacted knavery of the Bohemians, to bring the King and him to odds. Franion ſtaying him in the midſt of his talk, told him; That to dally with Princes, was with the Swans to ſing againſt their Death, and that if the Bohemians had intended any ſuch miſchief, it might have been better brought to paſs, then by revealing the Conſpiracy; therefore his Majeſty did ill to miſconſtrue of his good meaning, ſith his intent was to hinder Treaſon, not to become a Traytor: And to confirm his promiſe, if it pleaſed his Majeſty to fly into Sicilia, for the ſafeguard of his life, he would go with him: and if then he found not ſuch a practice to be pretended, let his imagined Treachery be repayed with moſt Monſtrous Torments. Egiſtus hearing the Solemn Proteſtations of Franion, began to conſider, That in Love and Kingdoms, neither Faith nor Law is to be reſpected: Doubting that Pandoſto thought by his Death to deſtroy his men, and with ſpeedy Wars to invade Sicilia. Theſe and ſuch like doubts throughly weighed, he gave great thanks to Franion, Promiſing, if he might with life return to Syracuſe, that he would create him a Duke in Sicilia: Craving his Counſel how he might eſcape out of the Country. Franion, who having ſome ſmall Skill in Navigation, was well acquainted with the Ports and Havens, and knew the danger of the Sea: Joyning in councel with the Maſter of Egiſtus Navy, Rigging all their Ships, and ſetting them afloat, let them lye at Anchor, to be at the more readineſs, when time and Wind ſhould ſerve, Fortune, although blind, yet by chance favouring his

just cause sent them within six days a good gale of Wind; which Franion seeing fit for their purpose, to put Pandosto out of suspition, the Night before he should sayl, he went to him, and promised, That the next day he would put the Device in practice; for he had got such a forcible Poyson, as the very smell thereof would procure sudden death. Pandosto was joyful to hear this good News, and thought every hour a day, till he might be glutted with this bloody revenge: but his Suit had but ill success: for Egistus fearing that delaying might breed danger, and willing that the Grals should not be cut from under his feet, taking bag and baggage, by the help of Franion, conveyed himself and his men out at the Postern Gate of the City, so secretly and spedily, that without any Suspition they got to the Sea-shore: where with many a bitter Curse, taking their leave of Bohemia, they went aboard, weighing their Anchors, and hoisting Sail, they passed as fast as Wind and Sea would permit towards Sicilia: Egistus being a joyful man, that he had safely passed such Treacherous perils. But as they were quietly floating on the Sea, Pandosto and his Citizens were in an uproar: For seeing that the Sicilians, without taking their leave, were fled away by night, the Bohemians feared some Treason, and the King thought that without question his Suspition was true, seeing the Cupbearrer had bewrayed the Sum of his Secret pretence. Whereupon he began to imagine that Franion, and his Wife Bellaria had conspired with Egistus, and that the fervent affection she bare him, was the only means of his Secret departure, insomuch, that incensed with rage, he commanded that his Wife should be carried straight to prison, untill they heard further of his pleasure. The Guard unwilling to lay their hands on such a Vertuous Princess, and yet fearing the Kings fury, went very sorrowfully to fulfill their Charge: Coming to the Queens Lodging, they found her playing with her Young Son Garinter; unto whom with tears doing their message, Bellaria astonished at such a hard censure, and finding her clear Conscience a sure Advocate to plead in her cause went to the Prison most willingly; where with sighs and Tears she passed away the Time, till she might come to her Tryal.

But Pandosto, whose Reason was suppressed with Rage, and whose

whoſe unbridled folly was incenſed with fury. Seeing Franion had bewrayed his Secrets, and that Egiſtus might well be railed on, but not revenged, determined to wreak all his Wrath on poor Bellaria. He therefore cauſed a General Proclamation to be made throughout all his Realm; That the Queen and Egiſtus had by the help of Franion, not only committed moſt inceſtuous Adultery, but alſo had Conſpired the Kings death; whereupon the Traytor Franion was fled away with Egiſtus, and Bellaria was moſt juſtly impriſoned. This Proclamation being once blazed through the Country, although the vertuous diſpoſition of the Queen did half diſcredit the Contents, yet the ſo ſudden and ſpeedy Voyage of Egiſtus, and the ſecret departure of Franion, induced them (the Circumſtances throughly conſidered) to think, that both the Proclamation was true, and the King greatly envied; yet they pitied her caſe, where ſorrowful that ſo good a Lady ſhould be croſſed with ſuch adverſe Fortune. But the King, whoſe reſtleſs rage would admit no pity, thought that although he might ſufficiently requite his Wives falſhood with the bitter Plague of pinching Penury, yet his mind ſhould never be glutted with revenge, till he might have a fit opportunity to repay the Treachery of Egiſtus with a fatal injury. But a Curſt Cow hath oftentimes ſhort horns, and a willing mind, but a weak arm. For Pandoſto, although he felt that Revenge was a Spur to Valor, and that envy always proffereth Steel, yet he ſaw that Egiſtus was not only of great Puiſſance and Proweſſe to withſtand him, but alſo had many Kings of his Alliance to aid him, if need ſhould require, for he Married the Emperors Daughter of Ruſſia. Theſe and the like Conſiderations ſometimes daunted Pandoſto his courage, ſo that he was content rather to put up a manifeſt injury with peace, then hunt after Revenge, Diſhonour, and Loſs; determining ſince Egiſtus had eſcaped ſcot-free, that Bellaria ſhould pay for all, at an unreaſonable price.

Remaining thus reſolute in his Determination, Bellaria continuing ſtill in Priſon and hearing the contents of the Proclamation, knowing that her mind was never touched with ſuch affection, nor that Egiſtus had never offered her ſuch diſcourteſie, would gladly have come to her Anſwer, that both ſhe might have known her juſt Accuſer, and cleared her ſelf of that guiltleſs Crime.

But

But Pandosto was so inflamed with Rage, and infected with Jealousie, as he would not vouchsafe to hear her, nor admit any just Excuse, so that she was fain to make a Vertue of her need, and with patience to bear these heavy Injuries. As thus she lay crossed with calamities (a great cause to increase her grief) she found her self quick with Child: which as soon as she felt stir in her body, she burst forth into bitter tears, exclaiming against Fortune in these terms:

ALas, Bellaria! How unfortunate art thou, because Fortunate! Better thou hadst been born a Begger, than a Princess, so shouldest thou have bridled Fortune with want, where now she spurreth her self with thy plenty. Ah happy Life, where poor thoughts and mean desires live in secure content, not fearing Fortune, because too low for Fortune. Thou seest now Bellaria, that Care is a Companion to Honour, not to Poverty: that high Cedars are crushed with Tempests, when low Shrubs are not touched with the Wind: Precious Diamonds are cut with the File, when despised pebbles lye safe in the Sand. Delphos is sought to by Princes, not Beggers: And Fortunes Alter smoaks with Kings Presents, not with poor mens Gifts. Happy are such Bellaria, that curse Fortune for contempt, not Fear; and may wish they were not, sorry they have been: Thou art a Princess, Bellaria, and yet a Prisoner: born to the one by descent, assigned to the other by despight; accused without cause, and therefore oughtest to dye without care: for patience is a shield against Fortune, and a guiltless mind yieldeth not to Sorrow; but Infamy galleth unto Death, and liveth after Death. Report is plumed with Times Feathers, and Envy oftentimes soundeth Fames Trumpet; Thy suspected Adultery shall fly in the Air, and thy known Vertues shall lye hid in the Earth: One Mole staineth a whole face, And what is once spotted with Infamy, can hardly be worn out with Time. Dye then Bellaria, Bellaria dye: for if the Gods should say, Thou art guiltless, yet Envy would hear the Gods, but here believe the Gods. Oh haples Wretch cause these terms: Desperate thoughts are fit for them that fear shame, not for such as hope for credit; Pandosto hath darkned thy Fame,

Fame, but ſhall never diſcredit thy Vertues. Suſpition may enter a falſe Action, but proof ſhall never put in his Plea. Care not then for envy, ſith Report hath blaſters on her Tongue: and let Sorrow bite them which offend, not touch thee that art faultleſs, but alas poor Soul, how canſt thou but Sorrow! Thou art with Child, and by him that, inſtead of kind pitty pincheth thee in cold Priſon, and with that, ſuch gaſping ſighs ſtopped her breath, that ſhe could not utter any more words, but wringing her hands, and guſhing forth ſtreams of Tears, ſhe paſſed away the time with bitter Complaints.

The Jaylor pittying theſe her heavy Paſſions, thinking that if the King knew ſhe were with Child, he would ſomewhat appeaſe his fury, and releaſe her from Priſon, went in all haſte, and certified Pandoſto what the effect of Bellaria's complaint was: who no ſooner heard the Jaylor ſay ſhe was with Child, but as one poſſeſſed with a Frenzy, roſe up in a Rage, Swearing that ſhe and the Baſtard Brat ſhe went withal ſhould die if the Gods themſelves ſaid no; Thinking ſurely by computation of time, that Egiſtus and not he was Father to the Child: This Suſpitious thought galled afreſh his half healed Sore, inſomuch as he could take no reſt, untill he might mitigate his Choller, with a cruel Revenge, which happened preſently after Bellaria was brought to Bed of a fair and beautiful Daughter, which no ſooner Pandoſto heard, but he determined that both Bellaria, and the Young Infant ſhould be burned with fire. His Nobles hearing of the Kings cruel Sentence, ſought by perſwaſions to divert him from his Bloody determination; laying before his Face the innocency of the Child, and vertuous Diſpoſition of his Wife, how ſhe had continually loved and honoured him ſo tenderly, that without due proof he could not, nor ought not appeach her of that Crime: And if ſhe had faulted, yet it were more honourable to pardon with Mercy, then to puniſh with extremity; and more kindly to be commended of pity, than to diſcredit her. And as for the Child, he would puniſh it for the Mothers Offence, it were to ſtrive againſt Nature, and Juſtice, and that unnatural Actions do more offend the Gods, then

than men? how causeless Cruelty against innocent Blood never escaped without revenge. These and such like Reasons could not appease his Rage, but he rested resolute in this, That Bellaria, being an Adulteress, the Child was a Bastard, and he would not suffer that such an Infamous Brat should call him Father. Yet at last (seeing his Nobles were so importunate upon him) he was content to spare the Childs life, and yet to put it to a worse Death: For he found out this Device, That seeing (as he thought) it came by Fortune, So he would commit it to the Charge of Fortune, and therefore he caused a little Cock-boat to be provided, wherein he meant to put the Babe, and then sent him to the mercies of the Seas, and the Destinies: From this his Peers in no wise could perswade him, but that he sent presently two of his Guard to fetch the Child; who being come to the Prison, and with weeping Tears, recounting their Masters Message; Bellaria no sooner heard the rigorious resolution of her mercilesse Husband, but she fell down in a Swound, so that all thought she had been dead: yet at last being come to her self, she cryed and Screeked out in this wise.

ALas sweet unfortunate Babe, scarce born, before envied by Fortune! would the day of thy birth had been the term of my life; then wouldest thou have made an end of care, and prevented thy Fathers rigour. Thy faults cannot yet deserve such hateful Revenge; thy days are too short for so sharp a Doom: but thy untimely death must pay thy Mothers doubts, and her guiltless Crime must be thy gastly Curse. And shalt thou sweet Babe, be committed to Fortune when thou art already spighted by Fortune? Shall the Seas be thy Harbour, and the hard Boat thy Cradle? Shall thy tender mouth instead of Sweet kisses, be nipped with bitter storms? Shalt thou have the whistling Winds for thy Lullaby, and the Salt Sea foam instead of Sweet Milk? Alas! What Destinies would assign such hard hap? What Father would be so cruel? Or what Gods will not revenge such rigours: Let me kiss thy Lips (sweet Infant, and wet thy tender Cheeks with my tears, and put this Chain about thy little neck; that if Fortune save thee, it may help to succour thee. Thus

since

hence thou muſt go to ſurge on the gaſtful Seas, with a ſorrowfull kiſs I bid thee farewell, and I pray the Gods thou mayeſt fare-well, Such, and ſo great was her grief, that her vital Spirits being ſuppreſſed with ſorrow, ſhe fell again down in a Trance, having her Senſes ſo ſtopped with care, that after ſhe was re-vived, yet ſhe loſt her Memory, and lay for ſome time without moving, as one in a Trance, The Guard left her in this perplexity, and carried the Child to the King, who quite devoid of pitty, commanded that without delay it ſhould be put into the Boat, Having neither Sail nor Rudder to guide it, and it ſo to be carried into the midſt of the Sea, and there left to the Winds and the Waves : as the Deſtinies pleaſe to appoint. The very Ship-men ſeeing the ſweet countenance of the young Babe began to accuſe the King of Rigour, and to pitty the Childs hard Fortune : but fear conſtrained them to that which their Nature did abhor. So that they placed it in one of the ends to the Boat, and with a few green Boughs made a homely Cabin to ſhrowd it as well as they could from Wind and Weather. Having thus trimmed the Boat, they tyed it to a Ship, and ſo hailed it into the main Sea, and then cut in ſunder the Cord ; which they had no ſooner done, but there aroſe a mighty Tempeſt, which toſſed the little Boat ſo vehemently in the Waves, that the Ship-men thought it could not continue long without ſinking. For the ſtorm grew ſo great, that with great labour and peril they got to the Shore. But leaving the Child to her Fortunes, we will re-turn to Pandoſto ; who not yet glutted with ſufficient Revenge, deviſed which way he ſhould beſt increaſe his Wives Calamity. But firſt aſſembling the Nobles and Counſellors, he called her (for the more reproach) in open Court, Where it was objected againſt her, That ſhe had committed Adultery with Egiſtus, and conſpired with Franion to poyſon Pandoſto her Husband, but their Pre-tence being partly eſpied, ſhe Counſelled him to fly a way by night for their better ſafety : Bellaria (who ſtanding like a Priſoner at the Bar, and feeling in her ſelf a clear Conſcience to withſtand her falſe Accuſers) ſeeing no leſs than death could pacifie her Husbands Wrath, waxed bold, and deſired that ſhe might have Law and Juſtice : (for mercy ſhe neither craved nor hoped (and that theſe perjured Wretches which had falſly

accuſed her before the King, might be brought before her face to give in evidence. Pandoſto (whoſe Rage and Jealouſie was ſuch, as no reaſon nor equity could appeaſe) told her, That for her Accuſers, they were of ſuch credit, as their words were ſufficient Witneſs, and that the ſudden and ſecret flight of Egiſtus and Franion, confirmed that which they had confeſſed: and as for her, it was her part to deny ſuch a Monſtrous Crime, and to be impudent in forſwearing the Fact, ſince ſhe had paſſed all ſhame in committing the fault; but her countenance ſhould ſtand for no Coyn; for as the Baſtard which ſhe bare was ſerved, ſo ſhe ſhould with ſome cruel death be requited. Bellaria no whit diſmayed with this rough Reply, told her Husband Pandoſto, that he ſpake upon Choller, and not Conſcience; for her vertuous Life had even been ſuch, as no ſpot of Suſpition could ever ſtain it. And if ſhe had born a friendly Countenance to Egiſtus, it was in reſpect he was his friend, and not for any luſting affection; therefore if ſhe were condemned without any further proof, it was Rigour, and not Law. The Noblemen which ſate in Judgment, ſaid: That Bellaria ſpake reaſon; and intreated the King that her Accuſers might be openly examined and ſworn; if then the Evidence were ſuch as the Jury might find her guilty, (for ſeeing ſhe was a Princeſs, ſhe ought to be tryed by the Peers) then let her have ſuch Puniſhment as the Extremity of the Law will aſſign to ſuch Malefactors. The King preſently made Anſwer, that in this caſe he might and would diſpenſe with the Law; And that the Jury being once pannelled, they ſhould take his word for ſufficient Evidence, otherwiſe he would make the proudeſt of them repent it. The Noblemen ſeeing the King in Chollar were all whiſt: But Bellaria, whoſe life hung in the Ballance, fearing more perpetual Infamy than momentary death, told the King if his fury might ſtand for a Law, that it were in vain to have the Jury yield their Verdict: and thereupon ſhe fell down upon her knees, and deſired the King, that for the love he bare to his Young Son Garinter, whom ſhe brought into the World, that he would grant her Requeſt, the which was this: That it would pleaſe his Majeſty to ſend ſix of his Noblemen, whom he beſt truſted, to the Iſle of Delphos, There to inquire of the Oracle of Apollo, whether ſhe had committed

Adultery

Adultery with Egiſtus, or conſpired to poyſon him with Franion; and if the God Apollo, and by his Divine Eſſence knoweth all ſecrets, gave anſwer that ſhe was guilty, ſhe was content to ſuffer any Torment weer it never ſo terrible. The requeſt was ſo reaſonable, that Pandoſto for ſhame could not deny it, unleſs he would be counted of all his Subjects more Wilful then Wiſe. He therefore agreed, that with as good ſpeed as might be, there ſhould be certain Ambaſſadors diſpatch'd to the Iſle of Delphos: and in the mean time he commanded that his Wife ſhould be kept in cloſe Priſon. Bellaria having attained this grant, was more careful of her little Babie that floated on the Seas, than ſorrowful for her own miſhap; for of that ſhe doubted; but of her ſelf ſhe was aſſured: knowing that if Apollo ſhould give ſentence according to the thoughts of her heart, yet the Sentence ſhould go on her ſide, ſuch was the clearneſs of her mind, in this caſe. But Pandoſto (whoſe Suſpicious heart ſtill remained in one Song) chooſe out ſix of his Nobility, whom he knew were ſcarce indifferent men in the Queens behalf; and providing all things fit for their Journey, ſent them to Delphos. They willing to fulfil the Kings Command, and deſirous to ſee the Scituation and cuſtome of the Iſland, diſpatched their affairs with as much ſpeed as might be, and Embarked themſelves for the Voyage: which (the wind and weather ſerving fit for their purpoſe) was ſoon ended. For within three weeks they arrived at Delphos: where they were no ſooner ſet on Land, and with great Devotion they went to the Temple of Apollo, and there offering Sacrifice unto the God, and Gifts to the Prieſts, as the cuſtome was, they humbly craved an anſwer of their demand. They had not long kneeled at the Altar, but Apollo, with a loud voice ſaid: Bohemians, What ye find behind the Altar, take, and depart. They forthwith obeyed the Oracle, found a Scrowl of Parchment, wherein were written theſe words in Letters of Gold.

The ORACLE.

Suſpition is no Proof; Jealouſie is an

unequal Judge; *Bellaria* is Chaſte, *Egiſtus* Blameleſs, *Franion* a True Subject, *Pandoſto* Treacherous, his Babe innocent: and the King ſhall Dye without an Heir, if that which is loſt be not found.

AS ſoon as they had taken out this Scrowl, the Prieſt of the God commanded them that they ſhould not preſume to read it before it came to the preſence of Pandoſto, unleſs they would incur the diſpleaſure of Apollo. The Bohemian Lords carefully obeying his command, taking their leave of the Prieſt, with great reverence departed out of the Temple, and went to their Ships: and as ſoon as Wind would permit them, ſailed towards Bohemia, where in ſhort time they ſafely arrived, and with great Triumph iſſuing out of their Ships, went to the Kings Palace, whom they found in his Chamber accompanied with other Noblemen. Pandoſto no ſooner ſaw them, but with a merry Countenance he welcomed them home, asking them what news? They told his Majeſty, that they had received anſwer of the God, written in a Scrowl; but with this charge, that they ſhould not read the Contents before they came in the preſence of the King; and with that they delivered him the Parchment. But his Noblemen intreated him, that ſith therein was contained either the ſafety of his wives Life and Honeſty, or her perpetual Death and Infamy; that he would have his Nobles and Commons aſſembled in the Judgment Hall, where the Queen (brought in as a Priſoner) ſhould hear the Contents: If ſhe were found Guilty by the Oracle of the God, then all ſhould have cauſe to think his Rigour proceeded of due deſert; if her Grace were found faultleſs, then ſhe ſhould be cleared before all, ſith ſhe had been accuſed openly. This pleaſed the King, ſo that he appointed the day, and aſſembled all the Lords and Commons, and cauſed the Queen to be brought in before the Judgment Seat, Commanding that the Indictment ſhould be read: Wherein ſhe was accuſed of Adultery with Egiſtus, and of Conſpiracy with Franion: Bellaria hearing the Contents, was no whit aſtoniſhed, but made this chearful Anſwer:

IF the Divine Powers are privy to humane actions, (as no doubt they are) I hope my patience will make Fortune bluſh, and my unſpotted life ſhall ſtain ſpightful diſcredit. For although lying report hath ſought to impeach mine honour, and ſuſpition hath intended to ſpoil my credit with infamy; yet where vertue keepeth the Fort, Report and Suſpition may aſſail, but never ſack. How I have led my life before Egiſtus coming, I appeal (Pandoſto) to the Gods, and to thy Conſcience. What hath paſſed between him and me, the Gods only know, and I hope will preſently reveal. That I loved Egiſtus I cannot deny; that I honoured him I ſhame not to confeſs. To the one I was forced to by his Vertue, to the other for his Dignities. But as touching laſcivious Luſt, I ſay, Egiſtus is honeſt, and hope my ſelf to be found without ſpot. For Franion I can neither accuſe him, nor excuſe him, I was not privy to his departure: And that this is true which I have here rehearſed, I refer my ſelf to the Divine Oracle.

BEllaria had no ſooner ſaid, but the King commanded that one of the Dukes ſhould read the Contents of the Scrowl, Which after the Commands had heard, they gave great ſhout, rejoycing and clapping their hands, that the Queen was clear of that falſe Accuſation. But the King, whoſe Conſcience was a witneſs againſt him of his witleſs fury, and falſe ſuſpected jealouſie, was ſo aſhamed of his raſh folly, that he intreated his Nobles to perſwade Bellaria to forgive and forget thoſe injuries, promiſing not only to ſhew himſelf a Loyal and loving Husband, but alſo to reconcile himſelf to Egiſtus and Franion: revealing then before them all, the cauſe of their ſecret flight, and how treacherouſly he thought to have practiſed his Death, if the good mind of his Cup-bearer had not prevented his purpoſe. As thus he was relating the whole matter, there was word brought him that his young Son Garinter was ſuddenly dead: which news, as ſoon as Bellaria heard, ſurcharged before with extream joy, and now ſuppreſſed with heavy ſorrow, her vital Spirits were ſtopped that ſhe fell down preſently dead, and never could be revived. This ſudden ſight ſo appealed the Kings Senſes, that he ſunk from his Seat in a Swound, ſo as he was fain to be carried by his Nobles to his

Palace

Palace, where he lay for the space of three days without Speech. His Commons were as men in despair, so diversly distressed, that there was nothing but mourning and lamentation to be heard throughout all Bohemia: their young Prince Dead, their vertuous Queen bereaved of her life, and their King and Soveraign in great hazard. This tragical discourse of fortune so daunted them, as they went like shadows, not men: yet somewhat to comfort their heavy hearts, they heard that Pandosto was come to himself, and had recovered his speech; who, as in fury brayed forth these bitter Speeches:

O Piserable Pandosto! what surer Witness than Conscience? what thoughts more sowre than Suspition? What Plague more bad then Jealousie; unnatural Actions offend the Gods more than men, and causeless cruelty never escapes without revenge. I have committed such a bloody Fact as Repent I may, but recall I cannot. Ah Jealousie! a Hell to the Mind, and a horror to the Conscience, suppressing reason, and melting rage: a worse passion than Frenzy, a greater Plague than Madness. Are the Gods just? then let them revenge such brutish cruelty: my innocent Babe I have drowned in the Seas, my loving Wife I have slain with slanderous Suspition, my Trusty Friend I have sought to betray, and yet the Gods are slack to Plague such offence. Ah just Apollo! Pandosto is the man that hath committed the fault; why should Garinter (silly Child) abide the pain? Well! sith the Gods mean to prolong her days, to increase my dolour, I will offer my guilty Blood a Sacrifice to those Guiltless Souls, whose lives are lost by rigorous folly: and with that he reached at a Rapier to have murthered himself; but his Peers being present, staied him from such a bloody act; perswading him to think that the Common-wealth consisteth on his safety, and that those sheep could not but perish that wanted a Shepherd: wishing, that if he would not live for himself, yet he should have a care of his Subjects; and to put such fancies out of his mind, sith in Sores past help, Salves do not heal, but hurt; and in things past Cure, Care is a corrosive. With these & such like perswasions, the King was overcome, and began somewhat to quiet his mind: so that as soon as he could go abroad, he caused his Wife to be imbalmed,

and

and wrapt in Lead with her young Son Garinter: Erecting a rich and famous Sepulchre, wherein he entomed them both: making ſuch Solemn Obſequies at her Funeral, as all Bohemia might well perceive he did greatly repent him of his fore-paſt Folly; cauſing this Epitaph to be engraven on her Tomb in Letters of Gold.

The Epitaph.

Here lyes Entomb'd *Bellaria* fair,
Falſly accuſ'd to be Unchaſt:
Clear'd by *Apollo*'s Sacred Doom,
Yet ſlain by Jealouſie at laſt.

What ere thou be that paſſeſt by,
Curſe him that cauſ'd this Queen to dye.

THis Epitaph being Engraven, Pandoſto would once a day repair to the Tomb, and there with watry Plants bewail his misfortune; coveting no other Company but Sorrow, and no other Harmony but Repentance. But leaving him to his dolorous paſſions, at laſt let us come to ſhew the Tragicall Diſcourſe of the young Infant.

WHo being toſſed with wind and waves, floated two whole days without ſuccour, ready at every puff to be drowned in the Sea; till at the laſt the Tempeſt ceaſed, and the little Boat was driven with the Tyde unto the Coaſt of Sicilia, where ſticking upon the Sands, it reſted. Fortune minding to be wanton (willing to ſhew that as ſhe hath wrincles on her Brows, ſo ſhe hath dimples in her Cheeks) thought after ſo many ſowre looks to ſend a feigned ſmile; and after a puffing ſtorm, to bring a pretty calm, ſhe began thus to dally. It fortuned a poor mercenary Shepherd that dwelled in Sicilia, who got his living by other mens Flocks, miſſed one of his Sheep, and thinking it had ſtrayed into the Covert that was hard by, ſought very diligently to find that which he could not ſee, fearing either that the Wolves

or Eagles had undone him (for he was so poor, as a Sheep was half his Substance) wandred down towards the Sea Cliffs, to see if perchance the Sheep was browzing on the Sea Ivy, whereupon they do gently feed. But not finding it there, as he was ready to return to his Flock, he heard a Child cry; but knowing there was no House near, he thought he had mistaken the sound, and that it was the bleating of his Sheep. Wherefore looking more narrowly as he cast his Eyes to the Sea, he espied a little Boat, from whence (as he attentively listened) he might hear a cry to come. Standing a good while in a maze, at last he went to the shore, and wading to the Boat; as he looked in, he saw a little Babe, lying all alone, ready to dye for hunger and cold, wrapped in a Mantle of Scarlet richly embroydered with Gold, and having a Chain about her neck. The Shepherd who had never before seen so fair a Babe, nor so rich Jewels, thought assuredly that it was some little God, and began with great Devotion to knock on his Breast. The Babe who writhed with her head to seek for the Pap, began again to cry afresh: whereby the poor man knew that it was a Child, which by some sinister means was driven thither by distress of Weather: marvelling why such a silly Infant, which by the Mantle and Chain could not but be born of Noble Parentage, should be so hardly crossed with deadly mishap. The poor Shepherd perplexed thus with divers thoughts, took pity of the Child, and determined with himself to carry it to the King, that there it might be brought up according to the Worthiness of the Birth, for his ability could not afford to Foster it, though his mind was willing to further it. Taking therefore the Child in his arms, he folded the Mantle together, the better to defend it from the Cold, there fell down at his feet a very fair and rich Purse, wherein he found a great Sum of Gold, which sight so revived the Shepherds Spirits, as he was greatly ravished with joy and daunted with Fear; joyful to see such a Sum in his Power, Fearful, if it should be known, that it might breed his further danger. Necessity wisht him at the least to retain the Gold, though he would not keep the Child: the simplicity of his Conscience feared him from such a deceitful bribery. Thus was the poor man perplexed with a doubtful Dilemma, until at last the covetousness of the Coyn overcame him; for what will not

the

the grædy deſire of Gold cauſe a Man to do: So that he was reſolved in himſelf to Foſter the Child: and with the ſum to relieve his want. Reſting thus reſolved in this point, he left ſæking his ſhæp, and as covertly, and as ſecretly as he could, went a by-way to his houſe, leaſt any of his Neighbours ſhould perceive his carriage. As ſoon as he was gone home, entring in at the doꝛ, the Child began to cry, which his Wife hearing, and ſæing her Husband with a Young Babe in his Arms, began to be ſomewhat jealous; yet marvelling her Husband ſhould be ſo wanton abꝛoad, ſith he was ſo quiet at home: But as women are naturally given to believe the woꝛſt; ſo his Wife thinking it was ſome Baſtard, began to crow againſt the good-man, and taking up a Cudgel (foꝛ the moſt Maſter went Bꝛæchiels) ſwoꝛe ſolemnly that ſhe would make Clubs Trump, if he bꝛought any Baſtard Bꝛat within her doꝛ. The good-man ſæing his Wife in her Majeſty, with her Mace in her hand, thought it was time to bow, foꝛ fear of blows, and deſired her to be quiet, foꝛ there was no ſuch matter: but if ſhe could hold her peace, they were made foꝛ ever: And with that he told her the whole matter, how he had found the Child in a little Boat, without any ſuccour, wꝛapped in that coſtly Mantle, and having the rich Chain about her neck, but at laſt when he ſhewed her the Purſe full of Gold, ſhe began to ſimper ſomwhat ſwætly: and taking her husband about his neck, kiſſed him after her homely faſhion, ſaying, that ſhe hoped God had ſæn their want and now meant to relieve their poverty; and ſæing they could not get no Childꝛen, had ſent them this little Babe to be their Heir. Take hæd in any caſe (ſaid the ſhepherd) that you be ſecret, and not blab it out when you mæt with your Goſſips: Foꝛ if you do, we are like not onely to loſe the Gold and Jewels, but our other Goods and Lives. Tuſh (quoth his Wife) pꝛofit is a good hatch beſoꝛe the doꝛ; fear not, I have other things to talk of than this, but I pꝛay you let us lay up the money ſurely and the Jewels, leſt by any miſhap it be eſpyed. After that they had ſet all things in oꝛder, the Shepherd went to his Shæp, with a merry Note, and the good Wife learned to ſing Lullaby at home, with her young Babe wꝛapped in a homely Blanket inſtead of a rich Mantle, Nouriſhing it ſo cleanly and carefully as it began to be a jolly Girl: inſomuch that they began both of them

to be very fond of it : and as it waxed in age, ſo it encreaſed in beauty, The Shepherd every night at his coming home, would ſing and dance it upon his knée, and prattle, that in a ſhort time it began to ſpeak, and call him Dad, and her Mam. At laſt, when it grew to riper Years, that it was about ſeven years old, the Shepherd left kéeping of othermens Shéep, and with the money he found in the Purſe he bought him the Leaſe of a pretty Farm, and got a ſmall Flock of Shéep : which when Fawnia (for ſo they named the Child) came to the age of ten years, he ſet her to kéep Shéep, and ſhe with ſuch diligence performed her charge, as the ſhéep proſpered marvellouſly under her hand. Fawnia thought Porrus had béen her Father, and Mopſa her Mother, (for ſo was the Shepherd and his Wife called) and honoured and obeyed them with ſuch Reverence, as all the neighbours praiſed the Dutiful obedience of the Child. Porrus grew in a ſhort time to be a man of wealth and credit : For Fortune ſo favoured him in having no charge but Fawnia, that he began to purchaſe Land ; intending after his death to give it to his Daughter : ſo that divers rich Farmers Sons came as Wooers to his houſe. For Fawnia was ſomthing cleanly attired, being of ſuch ſingular Beauty and excellent Wit, that who ſaw her would have thought ſhe had béen ſome Heavenly Nymph, and not a mortal Creature; Inſomuch, that when ſhe came to the age of fiftéen years, ſhe ſo encreaſed with exquiſite perfection both of Body and Mind, as her natural diſpoſition did bewray that ſhe was born of ſome high Parentage. But the People thinking ſhe was the Daughter of a Shepherd ; Porrus reſted onely amazed at her Beauty and Wit. Yea, ſhe won ſuch favour and commendations in every mans eye, as her Beauty was not only praiſed in her Country, but alſo ſpoken of in the Court. Yet ſuch was her ſubmiſs modeſty, that although her praiſe daily encreaſed, her mind was no whit puffed up with Pride, but humbled her ſelf as became a Country Maid and the Daughter of a poor Shepherd. Every day ſhe went forth with her Shéep to the Field, kéeping them with ſuch care and diligence as all men ſaw ſhe was very painful. She defended her face from the heat of the Sun with no other vail, but with a Garland made of Boughs and Flowers. Which Attire became her ſo gallantly, as ſhe ſéemed to be the Goddeſs Flora her ſelf for beauty.

Fortune

Fortune who all this while had ſhewed a friendly face, began now to turn her back, and to ſhew a lowring countenance; intending as ſhe had given Fawnia a ſlender check, ſo ſhe would give her a harder mate. To bring which to paſs, ſhe laid her train out this wiſe: Egiſtus had but one only Son called Doraſtus: about the age of twenty years; a Prince ſo decked and adorned with the gifts of Nature, ſo fraught with beauty and vertuous Qualities, as not only his Father joyed to have ſo good a Son, but his Commons rejoyced that God had ſent them ſo Noble a Prince to ſucceed in the Kingdom. Egiſtus placing all his joy in the perfection of his Son (ſeeing that he was now Marriageable) ſent Ambaſſadors to the King of Denmark, to intreat a Marriage between him and his Daughter, Who willingly conſenting, made anſwer, That the next Spring, if it pleaſed Egiſtus with his Son to come into Denmark, he doubted not but they ſhould agree upon reaſonable conditions. Egiſtus reſting ſatisfied with this friendly anſwer, thought convenient in the mean time to break it unto his Son. Finding therefore on a day fit opportunity, he ſpake to him in theſe Fatherly terms:

DOraſtus, Thy Youth warneth me to prevent the Word, and mine Age to prevent the beſt. Oppoꝛtunities neglected are ſigns of Folly. Actions meaſured by Time are ſeldome bitten with Repentance. Thou art Young, and I old; Age hath taught me that which thy Youth cannot conceive.

I therefore will adviſe thee as a Father, hoping thou wilt obey as a Child. Thou ſeeſt my white hairs are Bloſſoms for the Grave, and thy freſh colours, fruit for Time and Fortune: ſo that it behoveth me to think how to die, and for thee to care how to live. My Crown I muſt leave by Death; and thou enjoy my Kingdome by Succeſſion. Wherein, I hope, Vertue and Prowels ſhall be ſuch, as though my Subjects want my Perſon, yet ſhall ſee in thee my Perfection. That nothing may fail either to ſatisfie the Mind, or encreaſe the Dignities, the only care I have, is to ſee thee well Married before I die, and thou become Old.

Doraſtus (who from his Infancy delighted rather to die with Mars in the field, than to dally with Venus in the Chamber) fearing to diſpleaſe his Father, and yet not willing to be Wed, made him this Reverend Anſwer:

SIR, There is no greater Bond than Duty, nor no ſtricter Law than Nature: Diſobedient in Youth, is often galled with deſpight in Age. The Command of a Father ought to be a conſtraint to the Child: So Parents Wills are Laws as they paſs not all Laws: May it pleaſe your Grace therefore, to appoint whom I ſhall love, rather then by denial I ſhould be impeached of diſobedience, I reſt content to love, though it be the only thing I hate.

Egiſtus hearing his Son to fly ſo far beyond the Mark, began to be ſomewhat cholerick, and therefore made him this anſwer.

WHat Doraſtus, canſt thou not love? Cometh this Cynical paſſion of proud deſire, or peeviſh Frowardneſs? What doſt thou think thy ſelf too good for all, or none good enough for thee? I tell thee Doraſtus, there is nothing ſwifter than Youth, nor ſwifter decreaſing, but not recalled. If thou marry in Age, thy Wifes freſh colours will breed in thee dead thoughts, and ſuſpition; and thy White hairs her loathſomneſs and ſorrow. For Venus Affections are not fed with Kingdoms or Treaſures, but with Youthful Conceits, and ſweet Amours: Vulcan was allotted to ſhake the Tree, but Mars allowed to Reap the Fruit.

Field (Doraſtus) to thy Fathers perſwaſions, which may prevent thy perils, I have choſen thee a Wife, fair by Nature, Loyal by Birth, by Vertues Famous, Learned by Education, and Rich by Poſſeſſions: So that it is hard to judge, whether her Bounty or Fortune, her Beauty or Vertue be of greater Force; I mean (Doraſtus) Euphania, Daughter and Heir to the King of Denmark.

Egiſtus pauſing here a while, looking when his Son ſhould make him anſwer, and ſeeing that he ſtood ſtill as one in a Trance, he took him up thus ſharply.

Well

WEll (Doraſtus) take hæd, the Trée Alypta waſteth not with fire, but withereth with Dew, that which Love Nouriſheth not, periſheth with Hate. If thou like Euphania thou breedeſt my content, and in loving her, thou ſhalt have my love, otherwiſe, thou ſhalt always be a cauſe of very much diſcontent unto me, And with that he flung from his Son in a rage, leaving him a ſorrowful man, in that he had by denial diſpleaſed his Father: and half angry with himſelf, that he could not yield to that paſſion, whereto both reaſon, and his Father perſwaded him. But ſée how Fortune is plumed with Times Feathers, and how ſhe can miniſter ſtrange cauſes to breed ſtrange effects.

It hapned not long after this, That there was a méeting of all the Shepherds Daughters in Sicilia, whither Fawnia was alſo bidden as the Miſtreſs of the Feaſt, who having attired her ſelf in her beſt Garments, went among the reſt of her Companions to a merry méeting: there ſpending the day in ſuch homely paſtimes as Shepherds uſe. As the Evening drew on, and their ſport ceaſed, each taking their leave of other, Fawnia deſiring one of her Companions to bear her company, went home by the Flock to ſée if they were folded. And as they returned, it fortuned that Doraſtus (who all that day had béen Hawking, and killed ſtore of Game) encountered by the way theſe two Maids, fearing that with Acteon he had ſéen Diana; for he thought ſuch exquiſite perfection could not be found in any mortal Creature.

As thus he ſtood in a maze, one of his Pages told him, that the Maid with the Garland on her head was Fawnia, that fair Shepherdeſs, whoſe Beauty was ſo much talked of in the Court, Doraſtus deſirous to ſée if Nature had adorned her mind with any inward qualities, as ſhe had decked her Body with outward ſhape; began to queſtion with her, whoſe Daughter ſhe was, of what age, and how ſhe had béen trained up? Who anſwered him with ſuch modeſt Reverence, and ſharpneſs of Wit, that Doraſtus thought her outward Beauty was but a Counterfeit to darken her inward qualities: Wondring how ſo Courtly Behaviour could be found in ſo ſimple a Cottage; and curſing Fortune, that had ſhadowed Wit and Beauty with ſuch hard

hard Fortune. As thus he held her along time in that, Beauty seeing him at a discover, thought not to lose the vantage, but struck him so deeply with an invenom'd Shaft, as he wholly lost his Liberty and became a Slave to Love, who before contemned Love; glad to gaze upon a poor Shepherdess, who before refused the offer of a rich Princess. For the perfection of Fawnia had so filled his Fancy, as he felt his mind greatly changed, and his affections altered: cursing Love that he had wrought such a Change, and blaming the baseness of his mind that would make such a choice. But thinking these were but passionate toyes that might be thrust out at pleasure: to avoid the Syren that inchanted him, he Spurs his Horse, and bad his fair Shepherdess farewell.

Fawnia (who all this while had marked the Princely Gesture of Dorastus) seeing his face so well featured, and each Limb so perfectly framed, began greatly to praise his Perfection; commending him so long, till she found her self faulty, and perceiving if she waded but a little further, she might slip over the shoes. She therefore seeking to quench that fire which never was put out, went home, and feigned her self not well at ease, got her to bed; where casting a thousand thoughts in her head, she could take no rest: For if she awaked, she began to call in mind his Beauty; and thinking to beguile such thoughts with sleep, she then dreamed of his Perfection. Pestered with these unacquainted passions, she passed the night as well as she could in short slumbers.

Dorastus (who all this while rode with a flea in his Ear, could not by any means forget the sweet Favour of Fawnia) but being so overcome with her Wit and Beauty, as he could take no Rest. He felt Fancy to give the assault, and his wounded mind ready to yield as Vanquished; yet he began with divers Considerations to suppress his Frantick Affection; calling to mind, that Fawnia was but a Shepherdess; one not worthy to be looked at of a Prince, much less to be beloved of such a Potentate; Thinking what a discredit it were to himself, and what a grief it would be to his Father: blaming Fortune, and accusing his own Folly, that he should be so fond as but once cast a glance at such a Country Girl. And as

thus

thus he was raging againſt himſelf, Love (fearing if ſhe dallied long to loſe her Champion (ſkept more nigh, and gave him ſuch a freſh wound, as it pierced him to the heart, that he was fain to yield, maugre his force, and to forſake the company, and get him to his Chamber, where being ſolemnly ſet, he burſt into theſe paſſionate terms.

AH Doraſtus ! art thou alone ? No not alone, while thou art tired with the unacquainted Paſſions. Yield to fancy thou canſt not, by thy Fathers Counſel ; but in a Frenzy thou art by juſt Deſtinies. Thy Father were content if thou couldſt love ; and thou therefore diſcontent becauſe thou doſt love. O Divine Love ! fear'd of Men, becauſe honoured of Gods : not to be ſuppreſſed by Wiſdom, becauſe not to be comprehended by Reaſon ; without Law, and therefore above Love.

How then Doraſtus ! Why doſt thou blaze that with Praiſes, which thou haſt cauſe to Blaſpheme with Curſes ? Yet why ſhould they curſe Love, who are in Love.

Bluſh Doraſtus at thy Fortune, thy Choice, thy Love : Thy Thoughts cannot be uttered without ſhame, nor thy Affections without Diſcredit. Ah Fawnia ! ſweet Fawnia ! thy Beauty Fawnia.

Shameſt thou not Doraſtus, to name one unfit for thy Birth, thy Dignities, thy Kingdoms ? Die Doraſtus, Doraſtus die : Better had'ſt thou periſht with high Deſires, than live in baſe Thoughts, Yea, but Beauty muſt be obeyed becauſe it is Beauty : Yet framed of the Gods to feed the Eye, not to fetter the Heart.

Ah, but he that ſtriveth againſt Love, ſweateth with them of Seyrum againſt the Wind, and with the Cockatrice pecketh againſt the Steel. I will therefore obey, becauſe I muſt obey : Fawnia, yea Fawnia, ſhall be my Fortune in ſpight of Fortune : The Gods above diſdain not to love Women beneath. Phœbus liked Daphne, Jupiter, Io ; and why not I then Fawnia ? one ſomething inferiour to theſe in Birth, but far ſuperiour to them in Beauty ; born to be a Shepherdeſs, but worthy to be a Goddeſs.

Ah Doraſtus ! wilt thou forget thy ſelf, as to ſuffer Affection

to suppress Wisdom, and love violate thine Honour: How lowre will thy choice be to thy Father, sorrowful to thy Subjects, to thy Friends a grief, most gladsome to thy Foes: Subdue then thy affection, and cease to love her whom thou couldst not love, unless blinded with too much Love. Tush, talk to the Wind, and in seeking to prevent the Causes, I further the Effects, I will yet praise Fawnia, honour, yea, and love Fawnia, and at this day follow Content, not Counsel. Do Dorastus, thou canst repent; and with that the Page came into the Chamber; whereupon he ceased from Complaints, hoping that time would wear out what Fortune had wrought.

As thus he was pained, so poor Fawnia was diversly perplexed: for the next morning getting up very early, she went to her sheep: thinking with hard labours to pass away her newly conceived Amours, beginning very busily to drive them into the field, and then to shift the Folds. At last wearied with toyl, she sate her down, where (poor Soul!) she was more tired with fond affection: For Love began to assault her, insomuch, that as she sate upon the side of a hill, she began to accuse her own folly in these terms:

Infortunate Fawnia, and therefore infortunate, because Fawnia; thy Shepherds Hook sheweth thy poor estate; thy proud Desires, thy aspiring mind; the one declareth thy want, the other thy Pride. No Bastard Hawk must soar so high as the Hobby, no Fowl gaze against the Sun, but the Eagle: Actions wrought against Nature, reap dispute: thoughts above Fortune, disdain.

Fawnia, thou art a Shepherdess, Daughter to poor Porrus: if thou rest content with this, thou art like to stand; if thou climb, thou art like to fall. The Herb Anata growing higher than six inches, becometh a Weed. Nilus flowing more then twelve Cubits, procureth a dearth. Daring affections that pass measure, are cut short by time or Fortune, Suppress then (Fawnia) those thoughts, which thou maist shame to express. But ah Fawnia, Love is a Lord, who will command by Power, and constrain by force.

Doraſtus, ah Doraſtus is the man I love: the woꝛſe is thy hap, and the leſs cauſe thou haſt to hope. Will Eagles catch at flies? Will Cedars ſtoop at Brambles? oꝛ mighty Princes look at ſuch homely Truls? No, no, think this Doroſtus's diſdain is greater then thy deſire. He is a Prince reſpecting his honour; thou a Beggers Brat forgeting thy calling, Ceaſe then not only to ſay, but to think to love Doraſtus, and diſſemble thy love Fawnia: foꝛ better it were to dye with griefe, then live with ſhame. Yet in deſpight of love, I will ſigh to ſee if I can ſigh out love.

Fawnia, ſomewhat appeaſing her griefs with theſe pithy perſwaſions, began after her wonted manner, to walk about her ſheep, and to keep them from ſtraying into the corn, ſuppreſſing her affections with the due conſideration of her baſe Eſtate, and with the impoſſibilities of obtaining her deſire; thinking it were Frenzy (not fancy) to covet that which the very Deſtinies deny her to obtain.

But Doraſtus was moꝛe impatient in his Paſſions: foꝛ Love ſo fiercely aſſailed him, that neither company noꝛ Muſick could mitigate his Martyrdome, but rather far the moꝛe increaſe the Malady. Some would not let him crave Counſel in this caſe: noꝛ fear of his Fathers diſpleaſure reveal it to any ſecret friend, but he was fain to make a Secretary of himſelf, and to participate his thoughts with his own troubled Mind. Lingring thus a while in doubtful ſuſpenſe, at laſt ſtealing ſecretly from the Court, without either Man oꝛ Page, he went to ſee if he could eſpy Fawnia walking abꝛoad in the Field. But as one having a great deal moꝛe ſkill to retrive the Partridge with the Spaniels, then to hunt after ſuch a Prey; he ſought, but was little the better. Which croſs luck dꝛove him into a great Choler, that he began to accuſe both Love and Foꝛtune: But as he was ready to retire, he ſaw Fawnia ſitting all alone under the ſide of a hill, making a Garland of ſuch homely Flowers as the Field did affoꝛd: This ſight ſo revived his Spirits, that he dꝛew nigh with moꝛe judgment to take a view of her ſingular perfection, which he found to be ſuch as in the Country Attire ſhe ſtained all the Courtly Dames of Sicilia.

While thus he ſtood gazing, with piercing looks on her ſurpaſſing Beauty, Fawnia caſt her Eye aſide, and eſpyed Doraſtus

Which ſudden ſight made the poor Girl to bluſh, and to dye her Chryſtal Cheeks with the vermillion red: Which gave her ſuch a grace, as ſhe ſeemed far more beautiful: and with that ſhe roſe up, ſaluting the Prince with ſuch modeſt courteſies, as he wondred how a Country Maid could afford ſuch comely behaviour. Doraſtus repaying her courteſie with a ſmiling countenance, began to parley with her in this manner.

FAir Maid (quoth he) either your want is great, or a Shepherds life is very ſweet; that your delight is in ſuch Country Labours I cannot conceive what pleaſure you ſhould take, unleſs you mean to imitate the Nymphs, being your ſelf ſo like a Nymph: To put me out of this doubt ſhew me what is to be commended in a Shepherds life, and what pleaſure you have to countervail theſe drudging Labours? Fawnia with bluſhing face made him this anſwer.

SIR what richer ſtate than content? or what ſweeter life than Quiet? We Shepherds are not born to Honour, nor beholding unto Beauty, the leſs care have we to fear Fame or Fortune. We count our Attire brave enough, if warm enough; and our Food dainty, if to ſuffice Nature. Our greateſt Enemy is the Wolf, our onely care is fair keeping our flock: inſtead of Courtly Ditties, we ſpend the days with Country Songs, our Amorous Conceits are homely thoughts; delighting as much to talk of Pan, and his Country pranks, as Ladies to tell of Venus, and her wanton toyes. Our toyl is in ſhifting our folds, and looking Pleaſures; our greateſt wealth, not to covet; our honour, not to climb; our quiet not to care: Envy looketh not ſo low as Shepherds; Shepherds gaze not ſo high as Ambition; We are rich, in that we are poor with content; and proud only in this, that we have no cauſe to be proud.

THis witty Anſwer of Fawnia, ſo inflamed Doraſtus Fancy, that he commended himſelf for making ſo good a Choice: thinking if her Birth were anſwerable to her Wit and Beauty, that ſhe were a fit Mate for the moſt Famous Prince in

the

the World. He therefore began to ſift her more narrowly on this manner.

FAwnia, I ſée thou art content with Country labours, becauſe thou knoweſt not Courtly pleaſures: I commend thy wit, and pitty thy want. But wilt thou forſake thy Fathers Cottage, to ſerve a Courtly Miſtreſs?

Sir (quoth ſhe) Beggars ought not to ſtrive againſt Fortune, nor to gaze againſt honour, leaſt either their fall be greater, or they become blind. I am born to toyl for the Court, not in the Court; my Name unfit for their nature: better live in mean degree, then in high diſdain.

Well ſaid Fawnia (quoth Doraſtus) I gueſs at thy thoughts, thou art in love with ſome Country Shepherd.

No Sir (quoth ſhe) Shepherds cannot love, that are ſo ſimple, and Maids may not love, that are ſo young.

Nay therefore (quoth Doraſtus) Maids muſt love, becauſe they are young: for Cupid is a Child, and Venus though old, is painted with freſh Colours.

I grant (ſaid ſhe) Age may be painted with new ſhadows, and youth may have imperfect affections: but what art concealeth in one, ignorance revealeth in another. Doraſtus ſeeing Fawnia hold him ſo hard, thought to have given her a freſh charge; but he was ſo prevented by certain of his men, who miſſing their Maſter, came poſting to ſeek him, ſeeing that he was gone forth all alone; yet before they drew ſo nigh that they might hear their talk he uſed theſe ſpeeches.

Why Fawnia, perhaps I love thée, and then thou muſt néeds yield, for thou knoweſt I can command and conſtrain, Tuſh Sir, (quoth ſhe but not to love; for conſtrained Love is Force, not Love. And know this Sir, mine honeſty is ſuch, as I had rather dye, then be a Concubine even unto a King, and my Birth is ſo baſe as I am unfit to be a Wife unto a poor Farmer. Why then (quoth he) thou canſt not love Doraſtus. Yes, ſaid Fawnia, when Doraſtus becomes a Shepherd. And with that the preſence of his men broke off their parly, ſo that he went with them to the Place and left Fawnia ſitting ſtill on the hill ſide; who ſeeing that the night grew on, ſhifted her folds, and buſied her ſelf about

other work, to drive away ſuch fond Fancies as began to trouble her brain. But all this could not prevail, for the Beauty of Doraſtus had made ſuch a deep impreſſion in her heart, as could not be worn out with crucking, as ſhe was fain to blame her own folly in this caſe.

AH Fawnia! why doſt thou gaze againſt the Sun, or catch at the Wind? Stars are to be looked at with the Eye, not reached at with the hand: Thoughts are to be meaſured by fortunes, not by deſires: Falls come not by ſitting low, but by climbing too high. What then, ſhall all fear to fall, becauſe ſome hap to fall? No luck cometh by Lot, and fortune windeth thoſe Threads which the Deſtinies ſpin,

Thou art favoured Fawnia of a Prince; and yet thou art ſo fond to reject deſired Favours. Thou haſt denial at thy tongues end, and deſire at thy hearts bottom. A Womans fault, to ſpurn at that with her Foot, which ſhe greedily catcheth at with her hand: Thou loveſt Doraſtus, Fawnia: and yet ſeemeſt to lowre. Take heed, if he retire, thou wilt repent: For unleſs he love, thou canſt but dye. Dye then Fawnia, for Doraſtus doth but jeſt. The Lyon never preyeth on the Mouſe, nor do Faulcons ſtoop to dead ſtales. Sit down then in this ſorrow: ceaſe to love, and content thy ſelf, that Doraſtus will vouchſafe to flatter Fawnia, though not to fancy Fawnia. High hoe! Oh Fool, it were ſeemliar for thee to whiſtle as a Shepherd, than to ſigh as a Lover. And with that ſhe cauſed from theſe perplexed Paſſions, folding her Sheep, and hying home to her poor Cottage. But ſuch was the conſtant ſorrow of Doraſtus, to think on the wit and beauty of Fawnia, and to ſee how fond he was, being a Prince and how forward ſhe was, being a Begger, that he began to loſe his wonted appetite, to look pale and wan; inſtead of mirth, he fed on melancholly; for Courtly Dances, he uſed cold Dumps; Inſomuch, that not only his own men, but his Father and all the Court began to marvel at his ſudden change, thinking that ſome lingring ſickneſs had brought him in this ſtate, Wherefore he cauſed Phyſicians to come. But Doraſtus neither would let them miniſter, nor ſo much as ſuffer them to ſee his Urine; but remained ſtill ſo oppreſſed with theſe paſſions, as he feared in him-

himſelf a further inconvenience. His Honour wiſhed him to ceaſe from ſuch Folly; but love forced him more to follow fancy, yea and in diſpight of Honour, love won the Conqueſt, ſo that his hot deſires cauſed him to find new devices. For he preſently made himſelf a Shepherds Coat, that he might go unknown, and with leſs Suſpition, to prattle with Fawnia, and conveyed it ſecretly unto a thick Grove, hard adjoyning unto the Palace, whither finding fit time and opportunity, he went all alone, and putting off his Princely Apparel, got on thoſe Shepherds Robes, and taking a great Hook in his hand, (which he alſo had gotten) he went very demurely to find out the Miſtreſs of his Affection. But as he went by the way, ſeeing himſelf clad in ſuch unſeemly Rags, he began to ſmile at his own folly, and to reprove his fondneſs in theſe terms.

WEll ſaid, Doraſtus, thou keepeſt a good Decorum; baſe Deſires, and homely Attires: thy thoughts are fit for none but a Shepherd, & thy Apparel ſuch as only becomes a Shepherd. A ſtrange change, from a Prince to a Peaſant! What, is it thy wretched Fortune, or wilfull Folly, is it thy curſed Deſtinies, or thy crooked Deſires, that appoint thee this Pennance. Ah Doraſtus! thou canſt but love, and unleſs thou love, thou art like to periſh for love. Yet fond Fool, chuſe Flowers, not Weeds; Diamonds, not Pibbles; Ladies which may honour thee, not Shepherds which may diſgrace thee. Venus is painted in Silks, not in Rags; and Cupid treadeth on Diſdain, when he reacheth at Dignity. And yet, Doraſtus, Shame not at thy Shepherds Weed; the Heavenly Gods have ſometimes Earthly Thoughts: Neptune became a Ram: Jupiter a Bull: Apollo a Shepherd; they Gods, and yet in Love; and then appointed to love.

Deviſing this with himſelf, he drew nigh to the place where Fawnia was keeping her Sheep; who caſting her Eye aſide, and ſeeing ſuch a mannerly Shepherd, perfectly limned, and comming with ſo good a pace, ſhe began half to forget Doraſtus, and to favour her pretty Shepherd, whom ſhe thought ſhe might both love and obtain. But as ſhe was in theſe thoughts, ſhe perceived then it was the young Prince

Doraſtus

Dorastus; wherefore she rose up, and reverently saluted him, Dorastus taking her by the hand, repayed her courtesie with a sweet kiss; and praying her to sit down by him, he began thus to lay the battery.

IF thou marvel, Fawnia, at my strange Attire, thou wouldest more muse at my unaccustomed thoughts: the one disgraceth but my outward shape, the other disturbeth my inward Senses: I love Fawnia, and therefore what love liketh, I cannot mislike. Fawnia, thou hast promised to love, and I hope thou wilt perform no less: I have fulfilled thy request, and now thou canst not but grant my desire. Thou wert content to love Dorastus, when he ceast to be a Prince, and became a Shepherd; and see, I have made a change, and therefore not to miss of my choice.

TRuth, quoth Fawnia, but all that wear Cowls are not Monks, painted Eagles are Pictures, not Eagles; Zeuzis Grapes were like Grapes, yet shadows; rich Cloathing makes not Princes, nor homely Attire Beggers: Shepherds are not called Shepherds, because they wear Hooks and Bags, but they are born poor, and live to keep sheep: so this Attire hath not made Dorastus a Shepherd, but to seem like a Shepherd.

WEll Fawnia, answered Dorastus, were I a Shepherd, I could not but love thee; being a Prince, I am forced to love thee, Take heed, Fawnia, be not proud of beauties painting; for it is a flower that fadeth in the blossom. Those which disdain in youth, are despised in age. Beauties shadows are trick'd up with Times Colours, which being set to dry in the Sun, are stained with the Sun, scarce pleasing to the sight e're they begin to be worth the sight: Not much unlike the Herb Ephimeron, which flourisheth in the morning, and is withered before the Sun setting. If my desire were against love, thou mightest justly deny me my Reason: but I love thee Fawnia, not to misuse thee, as a Concubine, but to use thee as my Wife; I can promise no more, and mean to perform no less.

Fawnia hearing this Solemn Protestation of Dorastus, could no

no longer withſtand the aſſault, but yielded up the Fort in theſe friendly Terms:

AH Doraſtus! I ſhame to expreſs, that thou forceſt me with thy fugered ſpeech to confeſs: my baſe birth cauſeth the one, and thy high Dignities the other, Beggers thoughts ought not to reach ſo far as Kings, and yet my Deſires reach as high as Princes. I dare not ſay, Doraſtus, I love thee; becauſe I am a Shepherdeſs: But the Gods know I have honoured Doraſtus, (pardon if I ſay amiſs) yea and love Doraſtus with ſuch dutiful affection which Fawnia can perform or Doraſtus deſire: I yield not, overcome with prayers, but with Love: reſting Doraſtus Hand-maid, ready to obey his will, if no preſudice at all to his Honour, nor my Credit.

DOraſtus hearing this friendly Concluſion of Fawnia, embraced her in his armes, ſwearing, that neither Diſtance Time, nor adverſe Fortune, ſhould diminiſh his Affection; but that in deſpite of Deſtinies he would remain faithful to Death.

Having thus plight their Troth each to other, ſeeing they could not have the full fruition of their love in Sicilia, for that Egiſtus conſent would never be granted to ſo mean a match: Doraſtus determined, as ſoon as the time and opportunity would give him leave to provide a great maſs of money, and many rich and coſtly Jewels for the eaſier carriage, and then to tranſport themſelves and their treaſure into Italy, where they ſhould lead a contented life, until ſuch time as either he could be reconciled to his Father, or elſe by ſucceſſion come to the Kingdom.

This device was greatly pleaſed of Fawnia, for ſhe feared, if the King his father ſhould but hear of the Contract, that his Fury would be ſuch as no leſs then Death ſhould ſtand for payment. She therefore told him that delay bread danger: That many miſhaps did fall out betwixt the cup and the lip; and that to avoid danger, it were beſt with as much ſpeed as might be to paſs out of Sicilia, leſt fortune might prevent their patience.

with

with ſome new deſpight. Doraſtus, whom love pricked forward with deſire, promiſed to diſpatch his Affairs with as great haſte, as either time or opportunity would give him leave: and ſo reſting upon this point, after many embracings and ſweet kiſſes, they departed.

Doraſtus having taken his leave of his beſt beloved Fawnia, went to the Grave, where he had rich apparel, and there uncaſing himſelf as ſecretly as might be, binding up his Shepherds attire till occaſion ſhould ſerve again to uſe it, he went to the Pallace, ſhewing by his merry countenance, that either the ſtate of his body was amended, or the cauſe of his mind greatly addreſſed. Fawnia, poor ſoul was no leſs joyful, that being a Shepherdeſs, Fortune had favoured her ſo, as to reward her with the love of a Prince, hoping in time to be advanced from the daughter of a poor farmer, to be wife to a rich King, ſo that ſhe thought every hour a year, till by their departure, they might prevent danger; not ceaſing ſtill to go every day to her ſheep, not ſo much for the care of the flock, as for the deſire ſhe had to ſee her Love and Lord.

Doraſtus, who oftentimes when opportunity would ſerve, repaired thither to feed his Fancy with the ſweet content of Fawnia's preſence. And although he never went to viſit her, but in his Shepherds Attire, yet his oft repair made him not onely ſuſpected, but known to divers of their neighbours, who for the good will they bare to old Porrus, told him ſecretly of the matter, wiſhing him to keep his Daughter at home, leſt ſhe went ſo long to the field that ſhe brought him home a young Son: for they feared that Fawnia being ſo beautiful, the young Prince would allure her to folly.

Porrus was ſtricken in a dump at this news, ſo that thanking his neighbours for their good will, he hied him home to his Wife, and calling her aſide, and wringing his hands, and ſhedding forth tears, he brake the matter to her in theſe terms:

I Am afraid, Wife, that my Daughter Fawnia hath been too forward, and made her ſelf to ſin, and that ſhe will buy Repentance at too dear a Rate. I have news, which if it be true

true, ſome will wiſh it had not been proved true. It is told me by Neighbours, that Doraſtus the Kings Son, begins to look at our Daughter Fawnia: which if it be ſo, I will not give her a half-penny for her honeſty at the years end. I tell thee Wife, now adays beauty is a great ſtale to trap young men, and fair words and ſweet promiſes are two great enemies to maids honeſty: and thou knoweſt, where the poor intreat and cannot obtain, there Princes may command, and will obtain. Though Kings ſons dance in Nets, yet they may be ſeen: and poor mens faults are eſpied at a little hole. Well, it is a hard caſe where Kings luſts are Laws, and that they ſhould bind poor men to that which they themſelves willfully break.

Peace Husband (quoth his Wife) take heed what you ſay: Speak no more than you ſhould, leſt you hear what you would not. Great Streams are to be ſtopped by ſleight, not by force: and Princes to be perſwaded by ſubmiſſion, not by rigour. Do what you can, but no more than you may; leſt by ſaving Fawnia's Maiden-head, you loſe your own head.

Take heed, I ſay, it is ill jeſting with edg'd tools, and bad ſporting with Kings. The Wolf had his skin pulled over his ears for looking into the Lions Den.

Tuſh Wife (quoth he) thou ſpeakeſt like a fool: if the King ſhould know that Doraſtus had gotten our Daughter with child (as I fear it will fall out little better) the Kings fury would be ſuch, as no doubt but we ſhould both loſe our goods and lives: Neceſſity therefore hath no Law, and I will prevent this miſchief with a new device that is come into my head, which ſhall neither offend the King, nor diſpleaſe Doraſtus. I mean to take the Chain and the Jewels that I found with Fawnia, and carry them to the King, letting him then to underſtand, how ſhe is none of my Daughter, but I found her beaten up with the water alone in a little Boat, wrapp'd in a rich Mantle, wherein was incloſed this treaſure. By which means I hope the King will take Fawnia into his ſervice, and we whatſoever chance, ſhall be blameleſs.

This device pleaſed the good Wife very well, ſo that they determined as ſoon as they might know the King at leaſure, to make him privy to this caſe.

In the mean time, Doraſtus was not ſlack in his affairs, but plied his matters with ſuch diligence that he provided all things fit for their journey. Treaſures and Jewels he had gotten great ſtore, thinking there was no better Friend then Money in a ſtrange Country. Rich Attire he had provided for Fawnia; and becauſe he could not bring the matter to paſs without the help and advice of ſome one, he made an old ſervant of his, called Capnio, who had ſerved him from his Child-hood privy to his affairs; who ſeeing no perſwaſions could prevail, to divert him from his ſettled Determination, gave his conſent, and dealt ſo ſecretly in the Cauſe, that within ſhort ſpace he had gotten a Ship ready for their paſſage.

The Mariners ſeeing a fit Gale of Wind for their purpoſe, wiſhed Capnio to make no delays, leſt if they pretermitted this good weather, they might ſtay long ere they had ſuch a fair Wind. Capnio fearing that his negligence ſhould hinder their journey, in the night time conveyed the Trunks full of Treaſure into the Ship, and by ſecret means, let Fawnia underſtand, that the next morning they meant to depart. She upon the News ſlept very little that night, but got her up very early, and went to her Sheep, looking every minute when ſhe ſhould ſee Doraſtus; who tarried not long, for fear delay might breed danger; but as faſt as he could gallop, and without any great circumſtance, took Fawnia up behind him, and rode to the Haven where the Ship lay, which was three quarters of a mile diſtant from that place. He no ſooner came there, but the Mariners were ready with their Cock-boat to ſet them aboard, where being couch'd together in a Cabin, they paſſed away the time in recounting their old Love, till their man Capnio could come.

Porrus, who had heard that morning the King would go abroad to take the Air, called in haſte to his Wife, to bring him his Holy-day Hoſe, and his beſt Jacket: that he might go like an honeſt ſubſtantial man, to tell his Tale. His Wife (a good cleanly Wench) brought him all things fit, and ſponged him up very handſomely, giving him the Chain and jewels in a little Box, which Porrus for the more ſafety, put in his Boſome. Having thus his Trinkets in a readineſs, taking his Staff in his hand, he bade his Wife buſs him for good luck, and

So

ſo he went towards the Palace. But as he was going, Fortune (who meant to ſhew him a little falſe play) prevented his purpoſe in this wiſe,

He met by chance in his way Capnio, who trudging as faſt as he could, with a little Coffer under his Arm, to the Ship, and ſpying Porrus whom he knew to be Fawnia's Father, going towards the Pallace; being a wily Fellow began to doubt the worſt, and therefore croſt him the way, and asked him whither he was going ſo early in the morning?

Porrus (who knew by his Face that he was one of the Court) meaning ſimply, told him, that the Kings Son Doraſtus dealt hardly with him, for he had but one Daughter, who was a little beautiful, and that his Neighbour told him the young Prince had allured her to Folly; he went therefore now to complain to the King how greatly he was abuſed.

Capnio (who ſtreight way knew the whole matter) began to ſooth him in his talk, and ſaid that Doraſtus dealt not like a Prince, to ſpoil any poor mans Daughter in that ſort; he therefore would do the beſt for him he could, becauſe he knew he was an honeſt Man. But (quoth Capnio) you loſe your labour in going to the Palace, for the King meanes this day to take the Air on the Sea, and to go aboard of a Ship that lies in the Haven: I am going before you ſee, to provide all things in a readineſs: And if you will follow my counſel, turn back with me to the Haven where I will ſet you in ſuch a fit place, as you may ſpeak to the King at your pleaſure. Porrus giving credit to Capnio's ſmooth Tale; gave him a thouſand thanks for his friendly Advice, and went with him to the Haven, making all the way his complaint of Doraſtus; yet concealing ſecretly the Chain and the Jewels. As ſoon as they were come to the Sea-ſide the Mariners ſeeing Capnio, came to Land with their Cock-boat, who ſtill diſſembling the matter, demanding of Porrus, if he would ſee the Ship, who unwilling, and fearing the worſt, becauſe he was not well acquainted with Capnio, made this excuſe, That he could not brook the Seas, and therefore would not trouble him.

Capnio ſeeing that by fair means he could not get him aboard, commanded the Mariners, that by violence they

ſhould carry him into the Ship, who like ſturdy Knaves hoiſted the poor Shepherd on their necks, and bearing him to the Boat, launched from the Land.

Porrus ſeeing himſelf ſo cunningly betrayed, durſt not cry out for he ſaw it would not prevail: but began to intreat Capnio, and the Mariners to be good to him, and to pitty his eſtate, he was but a poor man that lived by his labour. They laughing to ſee the Shepherd ſo afraid, made as much haſte as they could to ſet him aboard. Porrus was no ſooner in the Ship, but he ſaw Doraſtus walking with Fawnia, yet he ſcarce knew her, for ſhe had attired her ſelf in rich Apparel, which ſo increaſed her Beauty, that ſhe reſembled rather an Angel, then a mortal Creature,

Doraſtus and Fawnia were half aſtoniſhed to ſee the old Shepherd, marvelling greatly what wind had brought him hither, till Capnio told them all the whole diſcourſe, how Porrus was going to make his complaint to the King, if by policy he had not prevented him: and therefore now ſith he was aboard, for the avoiding of further danger, it were beſt to carry him into Italy.

Doraſtus praiſed greatly his mans device, and allowed of his counſel: but Fawnia (who ſtill feared Porrus as her Father) began to bluſh for ſhame, that by her means he ſhould incur danger or diſpleaſure.

The old Shepherd hearing this hard ſentence, that he ſhould on ſuch a ſudden be carried from his Wife, his Country, and kinsfolk, into a Forraign Land amongſt Strangers, began with bitter tears to make his complaint, and on his knees to intreat Doraſtus, that pardoning his unadviſed folly he would give him leave to go home; ſwearing that he would keep all things as ſecret as he could wiſh. But theſe proteſtations could not prevail, although Fawnia entreated Doraſtus very earneſtly; but the Mariners hoiſted their Sails, weighed Anchors, haled into the deep, where we leave them to the ſuccour of the Wind and Seas, and return to Egiſtus,

WHo having appointed this Day to Hunt in one of his Forreſts, called for his Son Doraſtus, to go ſport himſelf, becauſe

becauſe he ſaw that of late he began to lowre: but his man made anſwer, that he was gone abroad none knew whether, except he was gone to the Grove, to walk all alone, as his cuſtome was every day.

The King willing to awaken him out of his dumps, ſent one of his men to go ſeek him; but in vain, for at laſt he returned, but find him he could not, ſo that the King went himſelf to go ſee the ſport; where paſſing away the day, returning at night from hunting, he asked for his Son, but he could not be heard of, which drove the King into a great choller: whereupon, moſt of his Noblemen, and other Courtiers poſted abroad to ſeek him, but they could not hear of him through all Sicilia; only they miſſed Capnio his man, which again made the King ſuſpect that he was not gone far.

Two or three days being paſſed, and no news heard of Doraſtus, Egiſtus being fearful that he was devoured of ſome Wild Beaſts, commanded that a great Troop of men ſhould go to ſeek him, who coaſted through all the Country, and ſearched in every dangerous and ſecret place, untill at laſt they met with a Fiſherman, that was ſitting in a little Covert hard by the Sea ſide, mending his Nets, when Doraſtus and Fawnia took ſhipping; who being examined if he either knew or heard where the Kings Son was, without any excuſe at all, revealed the whole matter, how he was ſailed two days paſt, and had in his company his Man Capnio, Porrus, and his fair Daughter Fawnia.

This heavy news was preſently carried to the King, who half dead for ſorrow, commanded Porrus's wife to be ſent for: ſhe being come to the Palace, after due examination, confeſſed that her Neighbours had oft told her, that the Kings Son was too familiar with Fawnia her Daughter: whereupon the husband fearing the worſt about two days paſt (hearing the King ſhould go a hunting, roſe early in the morning, and went to make his complaint) but ſince ſhe neither heard of him, nor ſaw him.

Egiſtus perceiving the womans unfeigned ſimplicity, let her depart without incurring further diſpleaſure, conceiving ſuch ſecret grief for his Sons wreſtleſs folly, that he had ſo forgotten his Honour and Parentage, by ſo baſe a Choice to diſhonour his

Father

Father and discredit himself, that with very care and thoughts fell into a quartane Feaver; which was so unfit for his aged yeares and complexion, and he became so weak, as the Physitians would grant him no life.

But his Son Dorastus little regarded either Father, Country, or Kingdome, in respect of his Lady Fawnia: Fortune smiling on this young Novice, sent him so lucky a Gale of Wind, for the space of a day and a night, that the Mariners lay asleep upon the Hatches; but the next morning about the break of day, the Air began to overcast, the Windes to rise, the Seas to swell; yea presently there arose such a fearful Tempest, as the Ship was in danger to be swallowed up in every Sea: the main Mast with the violence of the wind was thrown over-board, the Sails were torn, the tackling rended asunder, the Storm raging still so furiously, that poor Fawnia was almost dead for fear, but that she was greatly comforted with the presence of Dorastus. The Tempest continued three dayes, all which time the Mariners every minute looked for Death; and the Air was so darkned with Clouds, that the Master could not tell by the Compass in what Coast they were. But upon the fourth day about ten of the Clock, the wind began to cease, the Sea wax calm, and the Sky to be clear, and the Mariners descried the Coast of Bohemia, shoting off their Ordinance for joy, that they had escaped such a fearful Tempest.

Dorastus hearing that they were arrived at some Harbour, sweetly kissed Fawnia, and bade her be of good cheer: when they told him that the Port belonged to the chief City of Bohemia, where Pandosto kept his Court, Dorastus began to be sad; knowing that his Father hated no man so much as Pandosto, and that the King himself had sought to betray Egistus: with this considered, he was halfe afraid to go on Land, but that Capnio counselled him to change his name, and his Country, until such time as they could get some other Bark to transport them into Italy: Dorastus liking this advice, made his care privy to the Mariners, rewarding them bountifully for their pains, and charging them to say, that he was a Gentleman of Trapolonia,, called Meleagrus. The Shipmen willing to shew what Friendship they could to Dorastus, promised to be as secret as they could, or he might wish;

wiſh; and upon this they landed in a little Village a mile diſtant from the City: where after they had reſted a day, thinking to make proviſion for their Marriage, the fame of Fawnia's Beauty was ſpread throughout all the City, ſo that it came to the ear of Pandoſto, who then being about the age of fifty, had not withſtanding young and freſh affections; ſo that he deſires greatly to ſee Fawnia: and to bring this matter the better to paſs, hearing they had but one man, and how they reſted at a very homely houſe, he cauſed them to be apprehended as Spies, and ſent twelve of his Guard to take them; who being come to their Lodging, told them the Kings Meſſage. Doraſtus, no whit diſmayed accompanied with Fawnia and Capnio, went to the Court (for they left Porrus to keep the ſtuff) who being admitted to the Kings Preſence, Doraſtus and Fawnia with humble obeyſence ſaluted his Majeſty.

Pandoſto amazed at the ſingular perfection of Fawnia, ſtood half aſtoniſhed, viewing her Beauty, ſo that he almoſt forgot himſelf what he had to do; at laſt with ſtern Countenance he demanded their Names, and of what Country they were, and what cauſed them to Land in Bohemia? Sir, (quoth Doraſtus) know that my Name is Meleagrus, a Knight, born and brought up in Trapolonia; and this Gentlewoman whom I mean to take to my Wife, is an Italian, born in Padua, from whence I have now brought her. The cauſe I have ſo ſmall a Train with me, is, for that her friends unwilling to conſent, I intended ſecretly to convey her into Trapolonia, whither I was ſailing, and by deſtreſs of weather, I was driven into theſe Coaſts. Thus you have heard my Name, my Country, and the cauſe of my Voyage. Pandoſto ſtarting from his Seat, as one in a Choller, made this rough Reply.

MEleagrus, I fear this ſmooth Tale hath but ſmall Truth, and that thou coverеſt a foul Skin with fair Paintings. No doubt, this Lady, by her Grace and Beauty, is of higher degree, more meet for a mighty Prince, then for a ſimple Knight, and thou like a perjured Traytor haſt bereft her Parents of her, to their preſent grief, and her enſuing Sorrow; therefore untill I hear more of her birth, ſtate, and Calling, and Occa-

ſion

tion, and thou procure a Certificate out of Trapolonia of the truth of what thou hast related concerning thy self, I will stay you both here in Bohemia.

Dorastus, in whom rested nothing but Kingly valour, was not able to suffer the reproaches of Pandosto, but that he made him this answer:

IT is not meet for a Knight without due proof, to reproach any man of ill behaviour, nor upon Sulpition to infer belief; Strangers ought to be entertained with courtesie, not be entreated with cruelty; lest being forced by want, to put up injuries, lest the Gods revenge their cause with rigor. Pandosto hearing Dorastus utter these words, commanded that he should straight be committed to prison untill such time as they heard further of his pleasure; but as for Fawnia, he charged that he should be entertained in the Court with such courtesie as belonged to a stranger and her calling; the rest of the shipmen were put in a dungeon.

Having thus so hardly handled the supposed Trapolonians; Pandosto, contrary to his aged years, began to be somewhat tickled with the beauty of Fawnia, insomuch that he could take no rest but cast into his old head a thousand new devices: at last he fell into these thoughts.

HOw art thou disturbed (Pandosto) with fresh affections and unfit fancies, wishing to possess with an unwilling mind, and a hot desire, troubled with a cold disdain: shall thy mind yield in age, to that thou hast resisted in youth? Peace Pandosto, blab not out that which thou mayest be ashamed to reveal thy self. Ah Fawnia is beautiful, and it is not for thine honour (fond Fool) to name her that is thy Captive, and another mans Concubine. Alas, I reach at that with my hand, which my heart would fain refuse: playing like the Bird Ibis in Egypt, which hateth Serpents, yet feedeth on their Eggs.

Tush, hot desires turn oftentimes to cold disdain: Love is brittle, where Appetite, not Reason bears the sway: Kings thoughts ought to climb so high as the Heavens, but to look no lower then Honour: better it is to peck at the Stars with the young Eagle, then to pray on dead Carkasses with the Vulture,

true: it is more honourable for Pandoſto to dye by concealing love then to enjoy ſuch unfit love. Doth Pandoſto then love? Yea whom? A Maid unknown, yea, and perhaps immoreſt, ſtraggled out of her own Country? beautifull, but not therefore chaſt, comely in body, perhaps crooked in mind. Ceaſe then Pandoſto, to look at Fawnia, much leſs to love her: be not overtaken with a Womans beauty, whoſe eyes are framed by Art to enamour: whoſe heart is framed by Nature to inchant: whoſe falſe teares know their due time, and whoſe ſweet words pierce deeper then Swords.

Here ceaſt Pandoſto from his talk, but not from his love: for although he ſought by Reaſon and Wiſdome, to ſuppreſs this Frantick Affection, yet he could take no reſt, the beauty of Fawnia had made ſuch a deep impreſſion in his heart. But on a day walking abroad into the Park (which was hard adjoyning to his houſe) he ſent by one of his Servants for Fawnia, unto whom he uttered theſe words:

FAwnia. I commend thy beauty and Wit, and now pitty thy diſtreſs and want; but if thou wilt forſake Sir Meleagrus, (whoſe Poverty, though a Knight, is not able to maintain an Eſtate anſwerable to thy Beauty) and yield thy conſent to Pandoſto, I will increaſe thee both with Dignities and Riches. No Sir, anſwered Fawnia, Meleagrus is a Knight that hath won me by love, and none but he ſhall wear me; this ſiniſter miſchance ſhall not deminiſh my affection, but rather increaſe my good-will; think not, though your Grace hath impriſoned him without cauſe; that fear ſhall make me yield my conſent. I had rather be Meleagrus his wife, and a Beggar, than live in plenty, and be Pandoſto's Concubine.

Pandoſto hearing the aſſured Anſwer of Fawnia, would notwithſtanding proſecute his Suite to the uttermoſt; ſeeking with fair Words, and great Promiſes, to ſcale the Fort of her Chaſtity: ſwearing, that if ſhe would grant to his Deſire, Meleagrus ſhould not onely be ſet at liberty, but honoured in the Court amongſt the Nobles, But theſe alluring Baits could not entice her mind from the Love of her new betroath-

to Mate Meleagrus, which Pandosto seeing, he let her alone for that time, to consider more of the demand. Fawnia being alone by herself, began to fall into these Meditations,

AH unfortunate Fawnia, thou seest, to desire above Fortune, is to strive above the Gods and Fortune. Who gazeth at the Sun weakneth his sight; they which stare at the Sky, fall oft into deep pits: hadst thou rested content to have been a Shepherdess, thou needest not to have feared this chance: better had it been for thee by sitting low, to have had quiet, then by climbing high, to have fain into misery: But alass, I fear not mine own danger, but Dorastus displeasure.

Ah, sweet Dorastus thou art a Prince, but now a Prisoner, by too much love, procuring thy own loss: hadst thou not loved Fawnia, thou hadst been fortunate; shall I then be false to him that hath forsaken Kingdoms for my sake; No, would my death might deliver him, so mine honour might be preserved: With that fetching a deep sigh, she ceased from her complaint, and went again to the Palace, enjoying a liberty without content, and proffered pleasure with small joy. But poor Dorastus lay all this while in close Prison, being pinched with a hard restraint, and pained with the burthen of cold and heavy Irons, sorrowing sometimes that his fond affections had procured him this mishap, that by the disobedience to his Parent he hath wrought his own despite: another while cursing the Gods and Fortune, that they would cross him with sinister chance; uttering at last his passions with these words:

AH unfortunate Wretch, born to mishap, now thy folly hath it's desert; art thou not worthy for thy base mind to have bad fortune? Could the Destinies favour thee, which hast forgot thine Honour and Dignity? Will not the Gods plague him with dispite that paineth his Father with disobedience? Oh Gods, if any Favour or Justice be left, plague me, but favour poor Fawnia, and shrowd her from the Tyrannies of wretched Pandosto: but let my death free her from mishap, and then welcome Death. Dorastus pained with these heavy passions, sorrowed and sighed, but in vain; for which he used more patience.

But

But again to Pandoſto, who broyling in the heat of unlawful luſt, could take no reſt, but ſtill felt his mind diſquieted with his new love: ſo that his Nobles and Subjects marvelled greatly at his ſudden alteration, not being able to conjecture the cauſe of this his continued care. Pandoſto thinking every hour a year till he had talked once again with Fawnia, ſent for her ſecretly into his Chamber, whither Fawnia though unwillingly coming, Pandoſto entertained her very courteouſly, uſing theſe familiar ſpeeches, which Fawnia anſwered as ſhortly in this wiſe.

Pandoſto.

Fawnia, art thou become leſs willful, and more wiſe, to prefer the love of a King, before the liking of a poor Knight? I think e're this you think it is better to be favoured of a King, then of a Subject.

Fawnia.

Pandoſto, the Body is ſubject to Victories, but the Mind is not to be ſubdued with Conqueſt: Honeſty is to be preferred before Honours, and a Dram of Faith will weigh down a Tun of Gold. I have promiſed Meleagrus my love, and will perform no leſs.

Pandoſto

Fawnia, I know thou art not ſo unwiſe in thy choice, as to refuſe the love of a King, nor ſo ungrateful as to deſpiſe a good turne: thou art now in that place where I may command, and yet thou ſeeſt I entreat: my power is ſuch, that I may compell by force, and yet I ſue by prayers. Yield Fawnia, thy love to him, which burneth in thy love: Meleagrus ſhall be ſet free, thy Country-men diſcharged, and thou both loved and honoured.

Fawnia.

I ſee Pandoſto, where luſt ruleth, it is a miſerable thing to be a Virgin, but know this, that I will alwaies prefer Fame before Life, and rather chuſe Death then Diſhonour.

Pandoſto ſeeing that in Fawnia there was a determinate Courage to love Meleagrus, and a reſolution without fear to hate him, flying away from her in a rage, he ſwore that if in a ſhort time ſhe would not be won by reaſon, he would forget all courteſie, and compel her to grant love by Rigour. But theſe threatning words no whit diſmayed Fawnia, but that ſhe ſtill both diſpights

and dispise Pandosto. While thus these two Lovers strove, the one to win Love, the other to live in hate. Egistus heard certain Newes by Merchants of Bohemia, that his Son Dorastus was imprisoned by Pandosto, which made him fear greatly that his Son should be but hardly used; yet considering that Bellaria and he were cleared by the Oracle of Apollo, from the Crime wherewith Pandosto had unjustly charged them, thought best to send with all speed to Pandosto that he should set free his Son Dorastus, and put to death Fawnia and her Father Porrus.

Finding this by the advice of his Counsel, the speediest remedy to release his Son, he caused presently two of his Ships to be rigged and throughly furnished with provision of men and victuals, and sent divers of his Nobles, Embassadours into Bohemia, who willing to obey the King, and receive the young Prince, made no delay for fear of danger, but with as much speed as might be, sailed towards Bohemia; the Wind and the Sea favouring them greatly, which made them hope of some good hap, for within three dayes they were Landed.

Pandosto no sooner heard of their Arrival, but in Person he went to meet them, entertaining them with such sumptuous and familier courtesie, that they might well perceive how sorry he was for the former injuries he had offered to their King, and how willing (if it might be) to make amends.

As Pandosto made report to them how one Meleagrus a Knight of Trapolonia, was lately arrived with a Lady called Fawnia, in his Land, coming very suspiciously accompanied onely with one Servant and an old Shepheard; the Embassadors perceiving by the halfe, what the whole tale meant, began to conjecture, that it was Dorastus, who for fear to be known; had changed his name but dissembling the matter, they shortly arrived at the Court, where after they had been very solemnly and sumptuously feasted, the Noblemen of Sicilia being gathered together, they made report of their Embassage: where they certified Pandosto, that Meleagrus was Son and Heir to the King Egistus, and that his name was Dorastus; and how contrary to the Kings mind he had privily conveyed away that Fawnia, intending to marry her; being Daughter to that poor Shepherd Porrus, Whereupon the Kings

request

requeſt was, that Capnio, Fawnia, and Porrus, might be mat-thered and put to death, and that his Son Doraſtus might be ſent home in ſafety. Pandoſto having attentively and with great marvel heard the Embaſſage, willingly to reconcile himſelf to Egiſtus, and to ſhew him how greatly he eſteemed his favour, although love and fancy forbad him to hurt Fawnia; yet in deſpight of love, he determined to execute Egiſtus will without mercy, and therefore he preſently ſent for Doraſtus out of priſon, who marvelling at his unlooked for courteſie, found at his coming to the Kings preſence that which he leaſt dreamt of, his Fathers Embaſſadors: who no ſooner ſaw him, but with great reverence they honoured him, and Pandoſto embracing Doraſtus, ſet him by him very lovingly in a Chair of State, Doraſtus aſhamed that his folly was bewrayed; ſate along time as one in a maze, till Pandoſto told him the ſum of his Fathers Embaſſage: which he had no ſooner heard but he was touched to the quick, for the cruel Sentence that was pronounced againſt Fawnia, but neither could his ſorrow nor perſwaſion prevail, for Pandoſto commanded, that Fawnia Porrus, Capnio, ſhould be brought to his preſence: who were no ſooner come, but Pandoſto having his former love turned into diſdainfull hate, began to rage againſt Fawnia in theſe terms:

THou diſdainful Vaſſal, thou curriſh Kite, aſſigned by the Deſtinies to baſe Fortune, and yet with an aſpiring mind gazing after honour: How durſt thou preſume, being a Beggar, to match with a Prince? by thy alluring looks to Inchant the Son of a King to leave his own Country, to fulfil thy diſordinate Luſts? O deſpightful mind! A proud heart in a Beggar is not unlike a great fire in a ſmall Cottage, which warmeth not the houſe, but burneth it; aſſure thy ſelfe thou ſhalt dye? and thou old doting fool whoſe folly hath been ſuch, as to ſuffer thy Daughter to reach above thy fortune, look for no other meed, but the like puniſhment. But Capnio, thou that haſt betray'd the King, and haſt conſented to the unlawfull Luſt of thy Lord and Maſter, I know not how juſtly I may plague thee; death is to eaſie a puniſhment for thy falſhood, and to live (if not in extream miſery) were not to ſhew thee equity. I therefore award,

that

that thou shalt have thine eyes put out, and continually tell thou dyest, grind in a Mill, like a brute Beast.

The fear of death brought a sorrowful silence upon Fawnia and Capnio, but Porrus seeing no hope of life, burst forth in these Speeches:

PAndosto, and ye Noble Embassadors of Sicilia, seeing without cause I am condemned to dye, I am yet glad I have opportunity to disburden my Conscience before my death: I will tell you as much as I know, and yet no more then is true: whereas I am accused that I have been the supporter of Fawnia's pride, and she disdained as a vile Beggar; so it is, that I am neither Father unto her, nor she Daughter unto me.

For it so hapned, that I being a poor Shepherd in Sicilia, living by keeping other mens Flocks; one of my sheep straying down to the Sea-side, as I went to seek her, I saw a little Boat driven upon the Shoar, wherein I found a Babe of six daies old, wrapped in a Mantle of Scarlet, having about the Neck this Chain: I pitying the Child, and desirous of the Treasure, carried it home to my Wife, who with great care nursed it up, and set it to keep Sheep, Here is the Chain and the Jewels, and this Fawnia is the Child whom I found in the Boat: what she is, or of what Parentage I know not: but I am assured of it, that she is none of mine.

Pandosto would hardly suffer him to tell out his Tale, but that he inquired the time of the year, the manner of the Boat, and other circumstances: which when he found agreeing to his count, he suddenly leapt from his seat, and kissed Fawnia, wetting her tender cheeks with his tears, and crying, my Daughter Fawnia! ah my sweet Fawnia, I am thy Father Fawnia! This sudden passion of the King drove them all into a maze, especially Fawnia and Dorastus, But when the King had breathed himself awhile in this new joy, he rehearsed before the Ambassadors the whole matter, and how he had entreated his Wife Bellaria for jealousie, and that this was the Child whom he sent to float on the Seas.

Fawnia was not more joyful that she had found such a Father, and Dorastus was glad he should get such a Wife. The Ambassadors rejoyced, that their young Prince had made such a choice:

That

That theſe Kingdoms which through enmity had long time been diſſevered, ſhould now through perpetuall amity, be united and reconciled. The Citizens and Subjects of Bohemia (hearing that the King had found again his Daughter, which was ſuppoſed dead, joyfull that there was an Heir apparant to the Kingdom) made Bon-fires and Shows throughout all the City. The Courtiers and Knights appointed Juſts and Turneyes, to ſignifie their willing minds in gratifiing the Kings hap.

Eighteen dayes being paſt in theſe Princely ſports, Pandoſto, willing to recompence old Porrus, of a Shepheard made him a Knight; which done, providing a ſufficient Navy to receive him and his Retinue, accompanied with Doraſtus and Fawnia, and the Sicilian Ambaſſadors, he ſailed towards Sicilia; where he was moſt Princely entertained by Egiſtus; who hearing this Comical event, rejoyced greatly at his Sons good hap; and without delay (to the perpetual joy of the two young Lovers) Celebrated the Maariage. Which was no ſooner ended, but Pandoſto calling to mind how he firſt betrayed his friend Egiſtus, how his Jealouſie was the cauſe of Bellaria's death, that contrary to the Law of Nature he had luſted after his own Daughter) moved with theſe deſperate thoughts, he fell into a melancolly fit; and to cloſe up the Comedy with Tragical ſtratagems, he ſlew himſelf: whoſe death being many dayes bewailed of Fawnia, Doraſtus and his dear friend Egiſtus. Doraſtus taking leave of his Father, went with his Wife, and the dead corps into Bohemia; where after it was Sumptuouſly Intombed; Doraſtus ended his dayes in contented quiet.

28 MR 59

FINIS.

Robert Greene*

This Author was exceedingly popular in his day, and his works are very voluminous, but no accurate account of them has ever yet appeared.

Wood mentions very few of them, and Pitson contents himself with saying, that he was a prolific Author. Many Collectors have thought that I shall render an acceptable service, by bringing together as many of his pieces as could be collected.

I have accordingly consulted the Royal Library, the collection of the late Duke of Roxburgh, of Marquis Stafford,

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* From William Beloe's Anecdotes of Literature and Scarce Books. Vol. 2nd. page 168

BRITISH MUSEUM

and of the Museum, from which collectively I give the following catalogue:

1. "The Myrrour of Modestie
Wherein it appeareth, as in a perfect glasse, howe the Lord delivereth the innocent from all imminent perils; and plaqueth the blood thirstie hypocrites with deserved punishmen[t].

Shewing that the graie heades of dooting adulterers shall not go with peace into the grave, neither shall the righteous be forsaken in the daie of trouble.

By R. G. Maister of Artes.

Imprinted at London by Roger Warde, dwelling at the signe of the Talbot, neere unto Holburne conduit. 1584."

The reader will hardly guess that this is a protracted history of Susannah and the Elders. It seems to have been the first of the Author's productions, and written with a spirit very different from that which cha-

characterised many of his succeeding productions.

This Tract is in the Museum, in black letter.

2. "Euphues Censure to Philautus.

Wherein is presented a philosophical Combat betweene Hector and Achylles, discovering in foure Discourses, interlaced with diverse delightful Tragedies, the Vertues necessary to be incident in every Gentleman, had in question at the Siege of Troy, betwixt sondry Grecian and Troian Lords, especially Stated to discover the perfection of a Soldier, containing Mirth to purge Melancholy, holsome precepts to profit Manners, neither unsauerie to Youth for Delight, nor offensive to Age for Sourrilitie.

Ea habentur optima quae et jucunda, honesta utilia.

Robertus Greene in Artibus Magister

In the King's collection. 1587

3. "Pandosto, the Triumph of Time
Wherein is discovered by a pleasant historie,
that although by the means of sinister
fortune, Truth may be concealed; yet by Time,
in spight of Fortune, it is most manifestly
revealed.

Pleasant for Age to avoyde drousie
thoughts, profitable for youth to eschue
other wanton pastimes, and bringing to both
a desired content.

Temporis filia Veritas. 1588."

This singular Tract is not mentioned by Ames. It is in the King's collection, and in the Marquis of Stafford's.

4. "Menaphon.

Camillas Alarm to slumbering Euphues, in his melancholie Cell at Silenedra.

Wherein are deciphered the variable effects Fortune, the wonders of love, the Triumphes of inconstant Time.

Displaying, in sundrie conceipted passions,

figured in a continuate historie, the Trophees that Vertue carieth triumphant maugre the wrath of Envie, or the resolution of Fortune.

A worke worthie the youngest Eares for pleasure, or the gravest Censurers for principles.

Robertus Greene, Maister of Arts. 1589*."

This

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*I was at first inclined to suspect that there was some imposition in this Tract and that the Title-page was not genuine. It is introduced by a long prefatory address from Thomas Nash." To the Gentlemen students of both Universities," In which mention is made of various writers, well known at that time, as Gascoigne, Arthur Golding, Watson, Gabriel Harvey, and others, without any Notice of Robert Greene. The doubt is however removed in the next page, in which are some complimentary verses to the Author, by one Henrye Upcher. They conclude with this quaint stanza:

Reade all that list, and reade till you mislike

To

This Tract is in the King's collection, and in the Roxburgh Library.

5. "The Royall Exchange
Containing sundry Aphorisms of philosophie, and golden principles of morrall and naturall quadruplicities. Under pleasant and effectual sentences, discovering such strange definitions, divisions and distinctions of virtue and Vice, as may please the gravest Citizens or youngest Courtiers. First written in Italian, and dedicated to the signorie of Venice now translated into English, and offered to the Cittie of London.
Robert Greene in Artibus Magister. 1590."
In the Roxburgh collection.

6. "The pleasant and delightfull history of Dorastus and Faunia.
Pleasant for Age to shun drowsie Thoughts,

To condemne who can so envie be not judge;
No read who can so well more higher till it shricke,
Robin thou hast done well, care not who grudge.

Where, by Robin, Greene is evidently meant.

profitable for youth to avoid other wanton pastimes, and bringing to both a desired content.

By Robert Greene, Master of Arts in Cambridge. 1588."

7. " planetomachia;

Or the first parte of the generall opposition of the Seven planets, wherein is astronomically described their Essence, Nature, and Influence.

Diversly discovering their pleasaunt and tragicall Histories. the inwarde affections of the Mindes, and painting them out in such perfect Colours, as youth may perceive what fond fancies their flourishing Yeares doe foster, and Age clerely see what doting Desires their withered heaves doo afforde.

Conteyning also a briefe Apologie of the Sacred and mysticall science of Astronomie.

By Robert Greene. M. A. And Student in physick."

The copy of this Tract, which is in the King's collection, formerly belonged to Dr. Farmer, who wrote in it what follows:

"Baker, misled by the ambiguity of Anth. Wood, calls this piece a Comedy, and reckons it among Greenes dramatic works. See his compa-nion to the Playhouse, Vol. I. Art. Greene, and Vol. II. Supplement.

I find Rob. Greene. A.M. Clare Hall. 1583."

The above remark of Farmer, concerning this piece can only be true of some former Edition of Baker. I find no such circumstance in the Edition of 1782.

It is in the King's collection

2. "Perimedes the Blacke-Smith.

A golden Methode how to use the Minde in pleasant and profitable Exercise.

Wherein is contained speciall principles, fit for the highest to imitate, and the meanest

to put in practise; how best to spend the wearie Winters Nights, or the longest Summers Evenings in honest and delightfull recreation.

Wherein we may learne to avoid Idlenesse and wanton Scurrilitie which divers appoint as the end of their pastimes.

Herein are interlaced three merrie and necessary Discourses fit for our time, with certain pleasant histories and tragicall Tales, which may breed delight to all, and offence to none.

London, printed by John Wolfe, for Edward White. 1588."

This Tract is in the British Museum.

It is thus dedicated "To the Right Worshipfull Gervis Clifton, Esquire, Robert Greene wisheth the increase of worship and vertue."

9. "The Spanish Masquerado,

Wherein, under a pleasant device, is discovered effectuallie in certaine briefe Sentences and Mottos, the pride and insolencie of the Spanish Estate; with the disgrace conceived by their losse, and the dismayed con-

confusion of their troubled thoughtes.

Whereunto by the Author, for the better understandinge of his device, is added a breefe glosse.

By Robert Greene, in Artibus Magister.

Twelve articles of the state of Spaine.

The Cardinalls sollicite all.

The King graunteth all.

The Nobles confirme all.

The pope determines all.

The Clergie disposeth all.

The Duke of Medina hopes for all.

Alonso receives all.

The Indians minister all.

The Souldiours eat all.

The people paie all.

The Monks and Friers consume all.

And the Devill at length will carry away all.

Printed at London by Roger Ward, for Thomas Cadman, 1589."

This Tract is thus inscribed.

"To right worshipful M. Hugo Offley, sheriffe of the Citie of London, Robert Greene wisheth increase of worship and vertue."

Then follows this sonnet by the Author's friend Thomas Lodge.

Sonnet

Le doux Babil de ma lire d'ivoire
Serra ton front d'un laurier verdisant:
Dont a Bon droit je te voy jouissant
(Mon doux amis) eternisant ta Gloire
Ton nom (mon Greene) anime par mes vers;
Abaisse l'oeil de gens seditieux
Tu de mortel es compagnon de Dieux:
N'est es point grand loyer dans l'univers

Ignoti nulla cupido

Thomas Lodge

Many facetious and wimsical anecdotes are introduced in this satirical piece, and among others, the following.

"A Monke preaching to the people, having founde a verye rich feather of some strange

foule, intended to make his parishioners beleeve it was a plume of the angel Gabriell, certaine goode companions, his familiars, noting his knavery, secretelie stole out of his casket the Feathers, and put in coales. Well mass, Monke came once into his pulpit, after a long exordium tolde to the people what a reliqne he had, one of the Feathers of the Angel Gabriell; but, putting his hande into his caskett, and finding nothing but coales, straight founde the knot in the rush, and said hee had taken the wrong caskett, but yet brought them a reliqne, no lesse precious, which was the Coales that Saint Laurence was roasted on, so that making crosses with them upon their garmentes, he departed with Monkish credit."

This Tract is in the Museum.

It is dedicated to philip, Earl of Arundel, and was, I believe, often republished.

10." Morando.

The Tritameron of Love. The first and second parts. Wherein certaine pleasant Conceites uttered by divers worthie personages, are perfectly discoursed, and three doubtfull questions

of love most pithely and pleasantly discussed: shewing to the wise how to use love, and to the fond how eschew lust, and yielding to all both pleasure and profit.

By Robert Greene. 1507."

In the King's collection.

11." Greenes Orpharion.

Wherein is discoursed a musical Concorde of pleasant histories, many sweete Moodes, graced with such harmonious Discordes as agreeing in a delightfull Cloose, they sounde both pleasure and profit to the Eare.

Wherein also, as in a Diatcheron the branches of Vertue ascending and descending by degree, are counted in the glorious praise of Woman kind.

With divers tragical and comical historias presented by Orpheus and Arion, being as full of profit as of pleasure.

Robert Greene. 1599."

In the King's collection.

12." Greenes Mourning Garment.
given him by Repentance at the Funerals
of love, which he presents for a favour
to all young Gentlemen that wishe to
weare themselves from wanton Desires.
Both pleasant and profitable. By R. Greene
Utriusque Academiae in Artibus Magister.
Ferro sed verio. London printed by George
purslowe, dwelling at the East end of
Christ's Church. 1616." 4 to
In the Rutburgh collection
13." The Groundworke of Conny catching
The Manner of their pedlers French, and
the Meanes to understand the same, with
the cunning sleights of the counterfeit
cranke. Therein are handled the practices
of the Visiter, the Fetches of the shifter and
Ruffler the deceits of their Doves, the
Devises of priggers the Names of the base
lystering Lorels, and the Meanes of every

Blacke-Art Mans thefts. With the represe
of all their Devellish practises.

Done by a justice of the peace of great
Authoritie who hath the examining of divers
of them.

Printed by John Danter, for William
Barley, and are to be sold at his shop at
the upper end of Gratious Streete."

In the Museum.

14." The second and last parte of
Conny Catching.

With new additions, containing many
merrie Tales of all Cases worth the rea-
ding, because they are worthy to be
remembred.

Discovering strange cunning in
Carriage, which if you reade without
laughing Ile give you my cap for a
Nobble.

Malle[e]m non esse quam vel prodesse
Patriae.

R.G. 1592."

15. "The third and last part of Conny Catching.

With the new devised knavish Arte of Foole taking.

The like Coosnages and Villanies never before described. 1592."

16. "A Notable Discovery of Coosnage.

Now daily practised by sundry lewd persons, called Connie catchers and Crosse Biters.

Plainely laying open these pernicious slights that hath brought many ignorant Men to confusion.

Written for the general benefit of all Gentlemen, Citizens, Apprentises, Countrey Farmers, and Yoemen that may haps to fall into the company of such sweeting companions.

With a delightfull discourse of the Coosnage of Colliers.

Nascimur pro patria.

By R. Greene, Maister of Artes. 1591."

In the Museum.

17." Quips for an upstart Courtier.
or a quaint dispute betweene Velvet
Breeches and Cloth Breeches.
Wherein is plainely set downe the disorders
in all Estates and Trades. 1592."

There is a copy of this Tract in the King's collection, and another in the Duke of Roxburgh's of the date of 1620 the Marquess of Stafford has another, and so has Mr Dance There were two other Editions 1625. and 1635, in Farmers collection. The first sold for £1.7.. The last for 3l. 10.. 0d

18." The Repentance of Robert Greene
Maister of Artes
Wherein, by himself, is laid open his
loose life, with the manner of his death
At London. for Cuthbert Burbie,
1592."

This, which is one of the scarcest of Greenes Tracts is in the possession of the Bishop of Rochester; and I know of no

other copy.

Greene died in this year; and I presume this was immediately published, whilst the public curiosity was alive concerning him. It is dedicated, by the printer, to the Gentlemen Readers. The first part of this Tract exhibits, in strong colours and the quaint language of the time, his profligacy and subsequent contrition. It next gives us an interesting sketch of his life. From this it appears he was born at Norwich here spelt Norwitch. His parents must have been respectable, for he was educated at Cambridge, from whence he tells us, "ways as lewd" as himself "drew him to march into Italy and Spaine." "In which places he" saw and practised such villanie as is abhominable to declare."

On his return to England, "I struggled," "says he," "out in my silks, in the habit of Malecontent, and no place would please

me to abide in." After he had taken his Master degree at Cambridge, he left the Universitie," and away to Fernes, where he became an author of playes, and a penner of love pamphelets, and who for that Trade grewne so ordinary as Robin greene." he then confesses that he led a life of unrestrained debauchery. once, and once only, felting some terror of the divine judgment. this inward compunction he felt" in Saint Andrews Church, in the Citie of Norwich, at a Lecture or sermon then preached by a godly learned man."

"At this time," says he, "whoever was worst, I know myself as bad as he, being new come from Italy, where I learned all the villanies under the heavens."

These good emotions, however did not

continue long: he no sooner met with his "bopesmates," than they scoffed and laughed him out of his alarms. He soon afterwards married a Gentleman's Daughter of good account, with whome he lived for a while, but as she endeavoured to reform his vicious habits and propensities, after he had had a Child by her, he cast her off, having first spent the whole of her marriage portion.

His wife, it seems, retired into Lincolnshire, but he returned to London, where, for a time, he "fell into favour with such as were of honourable and good calling." But he had not the discretion to preserve their friendship long, and his constant acts of profligacy and misconduct made him universally despised and rejected, except from a few Alehouses. "who commonly, for my inordinate expenses, would make much of me until I were on the score for more than I ever meant to pay, by twenty Nobles thick;

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"At this period he imputes great shame to himself for his "varieties of penning plaies and other trifling pamphlets of love," though he observes they afforded him the principal means of his support. But he thanks God for putting it into his head to lay open the "most horrible Coosenages of the Conny-catchers, Coseners and Crosse Biters," and flatters himself, that by so doing, he performed a very beneficial service to the commonwealth of England.

He next breakes forth into a passionate apostrophe to his injured wife, from whose society he confesses he had estranged himself for six years. He most pathetically implores her forgiveness. He concludes with warning young men against the example of his vicious life, assuring them that sooner or latter God will visit sinfulness.

Next are added certaine "Caveats," sent by him, in his own hand writing, to a friend

which consist of a number of moral aphorisms. The publisher subjoins an account of his last hours, telling the reader that Greene's sickness and death was occasioned by a surfeit in drinking, but that during his whole illness, he conducted himself in the most pious and becoming manner

A letter is annexed from Greene to his Wife, in consequence of her sending a kind message to him; but this is said to be a forgery.

19. "Greenes Groatsworth of Wit Bought with a million of repentance, describing the Folly of youth, the falsehood of make-shift flatteries, the miserie of the Negligent, and mischiefs of deceiving Courtezans

Published at his dying request, and newly corrected, and of many Errors purged.

Felicem fuisse infantium.

printed by N. O. for Henry Bell. 1600."
In the Roxburgh collection.

20." Manilla.

The second parte of the Triumph of pallas.
Wherein, with perpetuall Fame, the Constancie of Gentlewoman is canonized, and the unjust Blasphemies of Women's supposed Ficklenesse breathed out by divers injurious persons, by manifest Examples clearlie infringed.

By Robert Greene. 1593."

21. "Greenes Card of Fancye.

Wherein the folly of these Carpet Knights is deciphered, which guiding their course by the Compass of Cupid, either dash their ships against most dangerous Rocks, or else attaine the Haven with paine and perill.

Wherein also is described in the person of Gwydonius, a cruell Combate betweene Nature and Necessitie.

By Robert Greene. 1608."
In the Kings collection.

22." Greenes Never too late.
both partes.

Sent to all youthfull Gentlemen, decyphering in a true English historie those particular vanities, that with their frosty vapours nip the Blossomes of every Braine from attaining to his intended perfection. As pleasant as profitable, being a right pumice Stone, apt to race out Idlenesse with delight and folly with admonition

By Robert Greene, In Artibus Magister.
In the Rotburgh collection.

23." Penelopes Web.

Wherein a Christall Myrror of Feminine perfection, representes to the viewe of everie one those vertues and graces which more commonly beautifies the Myndes of Women, then eyther sumptuous apparell, or jewels of inestimable valew: the one buging

fame with honour, the other breeding a kynd of delight, but with repentance

In three seuirall discourses also are three especial Vertues necessary to be incident in very vertuous Woman, pithely discussed, namely, Obedience, Chastitie and Sylence, interlaced with three seuerall comicall histories.

By Robert Greene Maister of Artes in Cambridge."

In the Rotburgh collection.

24." philomela.

The lady Fitzwaters Nightingale.

By Robert Greene. Vtriusque Academiae in Artibus Magister

Sexto sed Serio. 1615."

In the Rotburgh collection.

25." Alcida.

Greenes Metamorphosis. wherein is discouered a pleasant transformation of Bodies into sundrie shapes. shewing, that as

Vertues beautifie the Mind, so vanities give greater staines then the perfection of and queality can rase out. The discourse confirmed with divers merry and delightfull histories, full of grave principles to content age, and raised with pleasant parties and witty answeres to satisfie youth. profitable for both, and not offensive to any.

By Robert Greene. 1617."

In the Roxburgh collection.

26." Ciceronis Amor.

Ciceronis Amor, Tullies love: wherein is discovered, the prime of Ciceroes youth, setting out in lively portraitures, how young Gentlemen, that ayme at honour, should, Level the end of their affections, holding the love of Countrey and Friends in more Estame, then those fading blossoms of Beautie, that only feede the curious survey of the Eye. A worke full of pleasure, as following Ciceroes veine, who was so conceited in

his youth, as graue in his age, profitable, as containing precepts worthy so famous an Orator. By Robert Greene, in Artibus Magister. Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci. London. 1620."

In the Roxburgh collection.

27." Greenes Farewell to Follie.

Sent to Courtiers and scholers, as a president to warne them from the vaine delights that drawes youth to repentance

Sero sed serio.

By Robert Greene. 1617."

In the Roxburgh collection

28." The Black Books Messenger, laying open the life and death of Mr Browne, one of the most notable Cut-purses, Crofs-Biters, and Conny Catchers that ever liued in England. 1592."

This is in the Roxburgh collection.

29." Greenes vision.

Written at the instant of his death, containing a penitent passion for the folly of his pen.

Sero sed serio.

By Robert Greene."

In the Roxburgh collection.

30." Arbasto.

The historye of Arbasto, King of Denmarke describing the Orations of fortune in his love to the faire Doralicia.

Wherein gentlemen may find pleasant conceits to purge Melancholy and perfect counsell to prevent misfortune.

By Robert Greene. 1626."

In the King's collection.

31." Theeves falling out True-men come by their goods, or the Bell-man wanted a Clapper.

A peele of new villanies rung out, being musicall to Gentlemen, Lawyers, Farmers, and all sorts of people that come to the Tearme. Shewing that the villanies of

lewd Women doe by many degrees excell those of Men.

By Robert Greene.

Doe not by me, but buy me, and sell by me.

Printed for Henry and Moses Bell. 1637."

In the Museum.

Besides the above Tracts, which I have ~~not~~ myself had the pleasure and opportunity to examine. I find the following mentioned Elsewhere.

32." Michel Munchance, his discoverie of the Art of cheating." 4 to no date

33." News from Heaven and Hell. 1593." 4 to

34." Greene in conceipte. 4 to 1590."

35." A pair Turtle Doves. 1606." 4 to.

36." Pyramus and Thisbe." No date.

37." Greenes poet's Vision and a princes Glory. 1603." 4 to.

This appears in Dodd's catalogue* and sold for Eleven shillings. *No 350 page 17

Three of Greene's Tracts, namely, planetomachia. Perimedes, and the Spanish Masquerado, sold at Stevens's sale for one pound seventeen shillings: and seven other pieces, called Greene's, produced seven pounds ten shillings. Of these last I have never seen the following:

38. "Defence of Conny catching. By Cuthbert Conny catcher."

39. "A Disputation Between a Hee Conny Catcher and a shee Conny catcher, whether a Thiefe or a Whore is most hurtfull in Commonwealth." with wood cuts discovering the secret villany of alluring strumpets. 1592."

I suspect that some of these are not Greene's.

Another collection, called Greene's pieces. No 883, sold at Stevens's Auction for three pounds fifteen shillings. Two of these are not Greene's Viz. The Art of jugling, and Nihil Mumchance. In the same sale, No 884, containing 9 known Tracts of Greene's sold

for four pounds five shillings. a single piece ascribed to Greene. No 985, and called "A paire of Turtle doves, or the tragicall historie of Bellora and Fidelio," 1606." sold for five pounds twelve shillings and sixpence.

Greene's vision, which I have described above, produced Two pounds seven shillings

The following Tract is often enumerated among Greene's, but it was written by Samuel Rowlands, a Cotemporary.

"Greene's Ghost hunting Cony catchers".

Wherein is set downe
The arte of humouring
The arte of carrying Stores
With ye Lift
Ja. Post. Law.
Ned. Bro. Catch. and
Blacke Robins kindnesse.
With the merry conceits of Doctor Pinch backe a notable make shift.

In times more pleasant than any thing yet published of this matter.

Non ad imitandum sed ad evitandum.

I proceed finally to give an account of Greene's Theatrical pieces.

40. "The Honorable Historie of Frier-Bacon and Frier Bongay.

As it was lately plaid by the prince palentine his servants.

Made by Robert Greene, Maister of Artes. 1594."

In the Garrick collection.

42. "The historie of Orlando Furioso.

One of the twelve peeres of France.

As it was plaid before the queenes Majestie. 1594."

In the Garrick collection.

42. "The Scottish historie of James the fourth, slaine at Flodden.

Entermixed with pleasant Comedie

presented by Oberon (sic) King of the Fayeries.
As it hath been sundrie times publikely plaide.
Written by Robert Greene, Maister of Arts.
Omne tulit punctum.
London. printed by Thomas Creede 1590."
In the collection of Marquis Stafford.

43. "The comicall historie of Alphonsus King of Arragon. as it hath been sundrie times acted.
Made by Robert Greene.
London. Printed (sic) by Thomas Creede 1599."

44. "The historie of Jobe."
This, it appears, was never performed. It was in the possession of Dr. Warburton by the carelessness, of whose servant it was burned
Winstanley also attributes a play to him

called

"Faire Emm."

It is well known, that he was concerned with Lodge in "The Looking Glass for London and England"

This Greene was certainly a most extraordinary personage. Had circumstances introduced him on the theatre of the world under some respectable patronage, where the awe of a superior might have had some constraint upon his conduct, or had he allowed his reason at all to have regulated his passions, he might have been an ornament to the world, and a Benefit to literature. He had great vivacity of intellect, a very inventive imagination, extensive reading, and his works abound with frequent and successfull allusions to the Classics. It is surprising to see how polished and how finished some of his pieces are, when it is considered that he wrote most of them to supply

his immediate necessities, and in quick succession one to another. They were, most of them, very popular in their day, and must have gone through scarce as many now are, numerous editions. I find one of them reprinted so late as 1723, namely, the Dorastus and Fawnia. He appears to have been a thoughtless, good-natured man, and very susceptible of the feelings of the Heart, for many of works containe noble and generous expressions, Neither was he, by any meanes, to be despised as a poet. The short compositions scattered through his works, to say nothing of his dramaticall pieces, indicate much poetical taste and feeling. I subjoin one or Two of them.

Sonn

By a Mother to her Infant.

Weepe not my wanton, smile upon my knee.
When thou art old, there's griefe enough for thee

Mothers wanyge, prettie Boy,
Fathers sorrow, fathers joy;
When thy Father first did see
Such a Boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe.
Fortune chang'd made him soo
When he had left his prettie Boy,
Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weepe not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old theres griefe enough for thee

Streaming teares that never stint,
Like pearle drops from a flint,
Fell by course from his Eyes,
That one anothers place supplies.
Thus he grieved in every parte,
Teares of blood fell from his heart.
When he left his prettie Boy
Fathers sorrow, Fathers joy.

Wheepe not my Wanton, smile upon my knee

When thou art old theres griefe enough for thee

The wanton smiled, father wept.
Mother cried, babie lept;
Now he crowed more he cride
Nature could not sorrow hide;
He must goe, he must kisse
Childe and mother, babie blisse,
For he left his prettie Boy,
Father's sorrow, father joy.

Weepe not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old theres griefe enough for thee.

From Greenes Arcadia 1599.

There is a simple neatness and melody in the following lines, not often to be met with in the poetry of this period

Roundelay.

When tender ewes brought home with evening-sunne,
Wheard to their folds,
And to their holds.

The shepheards trudge, when tyght of daye is done,
Upon a Tree
The eagle, Joves fierce lord did pearch,
There resteth he.
A little flie his harbour there did search,
And did foresame, though others laugh thereat
To preach where as the princely eagle sate.
The eagle frowned, and shooke his royall wings
And charg'd the Flie
Fromm thence to hie.
Afraid, in haste the little creature flinges
Yet seekes againe,
Fearfull to pearche him by the eagles side.
With moodie vaine
The speedie poste of Ganimede replieade,
Vassaile avaunt, or with my wings you die;
Ist fit an Eagle seate him with a flie?
The flie crav'd pittie, still the eagle frowned,
The seely flie,
Readie to die.

Disgraced, displaced, fell groveling to the ground.
The Eagle saw,
And with a royal minde saide to the flie,
Be not in awe,
I scorne by me the meanest creature die;
Then scape thee here; the joyfull flie up flings,
And safe saue shadowed with the eagles wings.

The following sprightly ballad is taken from his "Ciceronis Amor, or Tullies love. 1616."

Mars in a fury against Loves brightest queen,
Did put on his helm, and tooke him to his launce,
On Erecynus mount was Mavors seene,
And there his ensignes did the God advance,
And by heavens greatest gates he stoutly swore,
Venus should die, for she had wrongd him sore
Cupid heard this, and he began to cry
And wisht his mothers absence for a while.
Peace, foole, quoth Venus, It is I must dye?
Must it be Mars? with that she cryed a smile.

She trimmed her tresses, and did curle her Hair
And made her face with Beautie passing fair
A fann of silver feathers in her hand,
And in a Coach of Ebony she went
She passed the palace where furious Mars did stand
And unto her lookes a lovely smile she sent
Then from her browes lept out so sharpe a frowne
That Mars, for feare, threw all his armour down.

He vowd repentance for his rash misdeed,
Blaming his choler that had caused his woe.
Venus grew gracious, and with him agreed,
But charg'd him not to threaten beautie so,
For womans lookes are such enchanting charmes
As can subdue the greatest gods in armes.

The lines which succeed are from Greenes
"Never too late." by which, as well as from
the contents of the Booke, the Author inculcates the maxim, that it is never too late to repent.

With sweating browes I long have plowd the sand;
My seed was youth, my crop was endlesse care,
Repentance hath sent home with empty hand
At last to tell how vile our follies are,
And time hath left experience to approve,
The gaine is griefe to those that transfigure love.

The silent thoughts of my repentant yeeres,
That fille my head, have called me home at last,
Now love unmasks a wanton wretch appeares,
Begot by guilefull thoughts with over haste.
In prime of youth a rose, in age a weed,
That for a minutes joy payes endlesse meed.

Lend to delights, a foe to fond conceit,
Allied to wit by want and sorrow bought,
Farewell fond youth long long fostred in deceit,
Forgive me time disguised idle thought,
And love adew, to hasten to my end,
I finde no time too late for to amend.

JH

It is impossible not to lament with strong emotions of pity that a man should perish in premature age, the victim of licentiousness and intemperance, who was capable of enforcing, with even stress, such rules as these for the regulation of his conduct.

"Let Gods worship be thy mornings worke, and his wisdome the direction of thy daies labour

Rise not without thankes, nor sleepe not without repentance.

Choose but a few friends, and try those, for the flatterer speakes fairest.

If thy wife be wise, make her thy secretary; else locke thy thoughts in thy breast, for women are seldome silent.

If she be faire, be not jealous; for suspition cures not womens follies.

If she be wise, wrong her not, for if thou lovest others she will loath thee.

Let thy Childrens nurture be their richest portion: for wisdome is more precious then wealth.

Be not prowde amongst thy poore neighbours: for a poore mans hate is perillous.

Nor too familiar with great men; for presumptuous winnes disdaine."

Heere take my leave of Robert Greene, and I confesse, not without reluctance. I have been highly entertained with many of his performances. I feel a great respect for his talents, much disgust at

28 MR 59

his profligacy, but a sincere concern
for his misfortunes.